

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY.  
DO NOT REMOVE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

# Collier's



*The National Weekly*



## THE NEW WORLD OF TRADE

*The First of a  
Series of Articles  
on the ART of  
Adver-  
tising*

by  
SAMUEL  
HOPKINS  
ADAMS



May 22

1909  
Vol. XLIII No. 9.

New York  
P. F. COLLIER & SON  
Publishers

## PERFECT CLEANLINESS

is easily maintained in a

### BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR (GENUINE PORCELAIN LINED)

¶ No pipes and tubes to clog and become breeding spots for countless germs—no hidden parts difficult to reach.

¶ Every part in sight and easily accessible.

¶ The Bohn Syphon System produces an enforced, vigorous circulation of air in the refrigerator. This condenses all impurity-laden moisture on the ice, which then drains off. It dries the air and produces a temperature 10° colder than in any other refrigerator and thus insures the perfect preservation of the food.



¶ Adopted by the Pullman Company and all American Railroads as standard.

¶ Send for "Cold Storage in the Home." Free.

### WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

Main Office and Works:  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA  
New York Office and  
Salesroom:  
59 W. 42nd St.

## Smooth Work



All cutting tools leave in their work the marks of their worth. Bore a hole with an auger bit, for instance. If it chips the wood just as it comes through the board, or, if the sides of the boring are rough, the auger bit is poorly ground and probably incorrectly shaped. Clean cuts can only be made with good tools.

## KEEN KUTTER TOOLS and CUTLERY

show their superiority in the appearance and accuracy of their work. Cuts are smooth, clean and true—no chipping at the edges—no scraping or gouging—no splitting—no unevenness.

In buying tools or cutlery, order by the name Keen Kutter and all chance or doubt is removed.

The trademark is your guide in buying and your guarantee of perfection or money refunded.

The name Keen Kutter covers Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks, Lawn-mowers. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives and Table Cutlery.

Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery have been sold for nearly 40 years under this motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long  
After the Price is Forgotten."—E. C. Simmons.  
Trademark Registered.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.



## In Sight of Mt. Rainier

The charm of the big fair at Seattle is partly due to its fascinating scenic surroundings. From the "Court of Honor" you can see the majestic snow-capped peak of Mount Rainier—80 miles away, but sharply outlined against the clear blue sky of the Pacific Coast Country. On your vacation trip visit the

### Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

Seattle, June 1 to October 16

If you care for mountain scenery go via *Great Northern Railway*. Cross the rugged Rockies in Montana; take the daylight ride through the Cascade Range, Washington, whose lofty summit is pierced by Cascade Tunnel, through which the trains are hauled by big electric locomotives.

Two Daily  
Trains

**The Oriental Limited**  
**The Fast Mail**

Built for  
Comfort

Compartment-Observation Car, Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Coaches, Every day St. Paul and Minneapolis to Spokane and Seattle.

Send for illustrated booklet "To the Scenic Northwest"

A. L. CRAIG  
General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Rose Festival, Portland, Ore.  
June 7th to 12th, 1909

National Irrigation Congress  
Spokane, Wash.  
Aug. 9th to 14th, 1909



## Idle Hour Picture Puzzles

Stand for PERFECTION in PUZZLE-MAKING



The Sleeping Beauty

P. F. Collier & Son announce the publication of a line of Picture Puzzles including such famous pictures as Maxfield Parrish's *Old King Cole* and *Arabian Nights* series; Frederic Remington's Paintings of the Far West, and Jessie Willcox Smith's *Modern Fairy Tales*.

*All subjects have been selected for their extreme brilliancy of color and their special adaptation to puzzle-making.*

### Scroll Cut Animal Pieces

Every Collier puzzle will contain pieces cut in the shape of animals and various unique devices which add human interest as well as intricacy to the working of the puzzle. The number of animals and devices will vary according to the size of the puzzle, but every puzzle bearing the Collier imprint will contain not less than four such devices.

Particular attention has been given to the Collier puzzle box and it will be recognized everywhere for its appearance of quality. The box is of a rich blue color, square in shape (no matter what the size) and of a uniform depth. Puzzles may be had from 75 cents to \$12.00.

If your dealer can not supply you with "Idle Hour" Picture Puzzles send direct to us for Catalogue of 60 different subjects, sizes and prices.

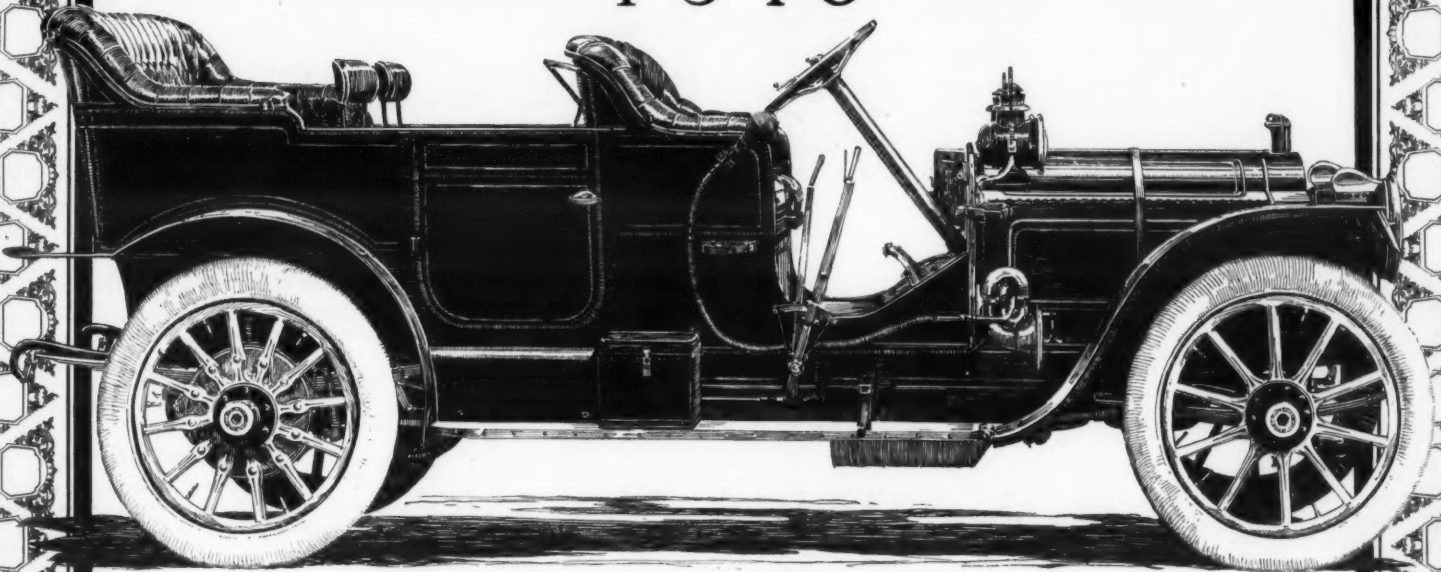
PRINT AND CALENDAR DEPT.  
P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th Street, NEW YORK



# Packard

## MOTOR CARS

1910



THE PACKARD "THIRTY" TOURING CAR

HERE is the climax of twelve years of consistent progress in the manufacture of motor cars of the highest type

Packard "Thirty"

Touring Car  
Limousine  
Landaulet

Runabout  
Close-Coupled  
Phaeton

Packard "Eighteen"  
Town Car

Open Car  
Limousine

Runabout  
Landaulet

Complete information from any Packard dealer, or, write for catalog

Packard Motor Car Company  
Detroit, Michigan



ONCE upon a time a Man stood before his Desk and thought deeply. Neath his feet a kindly "Boss" had placed a Rubber Mat, for you see, the Man was a Good Workman laboring from early morn 'til late. A Wise Boss knows that long hours and press vibrations cause a bodily strain that even a Good Workman cannot stand—Hence the Kind Care. But the Workman realized that he did not stand on the Mat all day, that he moved about a great deal—so the Rubber was of little worth in one spot. Ruminating thusly, he conceived the Idea, could he but take with him the Rubber Mat on his short journeys about the room, all would be well. But how to do it?

### The Elimination of Microbes by the Use of Live Rubber

When the Idea Germ enters Brain Cells of a Real Thinker, usually stray threads of thought are soon knitted into a Spider's Web of Results. Next morning the Man appeared bright and early in his old accustomed place, but the Rubber Mat was not there! Yet the Man moving about noiselessly, beamed his complete satisfaction, causing much speculation among his fellows. Prevailed upon to tell his secret, he showed upon the Heels of his shoes, two well formed pieces of Rubber, cut from the absent Mat. These were the first Rubber Heels—and Mr. Humphrey O'Sullivan had solved his problem! Back in the days when Humanity walked the green Earth barefoot, there was no need for Rubber Heels. But in this Era of Cement, Iron, Glass, Hardwood floors and Macadam Roads, the Human Frame is laboring under a Great Disadvantage.

It is Sin against Humanity to slight one's Body. Your responsibility does not end with yourself, Posterity demands that you help preserve the Race. Every bit of Delicate Machinery that man produces carries with it springs, ball-bearings, shock absorbers, rubber tires and such like to lessen wear and tear, yet Man—the Inventor of things—places a bit of hard leather beneath his Heel and stamps his way along asphalt walks with never a thought for his own well-balanced Self. Be consistent! If you put a Shock-absorber on your Automobile to save its machinery, do as much for your own body.



## O'Sullivan's New, Live Rubber Heels

The man that founded the Rubber Heel Business has been in the Shoe Trade since '77 and is one of the few men in this Country that understands the fitting of feet. He wrote about it in a book which will be sent upon request for a two cent stamp.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



TWO STRIKES AND THE BASES FULL

## The greatest baseball pictures ever published \$.25 each

"Two Strikes and the Bases Full" and "Fanned Out!" are the greatest baseball pictures

ever drawn. The den of a baseball enthusiast is not complete without these prints. They are beautifully made with a richly tinted background and are printed on the finest grade of water-color sketching bristol (plate-marked), giving a particularly dainty and artistic effect. All ready for framing, or can be used without a frame. They are 18 x 14 inches in size and sell at 25 cents each, or 50 cents for the two, express prepaid. Also published in size 28 x 22 inches at \$1.00 each.

ORDER FROM ANY RELIABLE ART DEALER  
IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA

Or, we will furnish on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Print Dept.  
P. F. COLLIER & SON  
412 West Thirteenth Street  
New York

Send for handsome catalogue containing nearly 175 reproductions in half-tone and line engraving—exact reproductions in black and white of original drawings that have appeared in Collier's. Price 15 cents.



FANNED OUT!

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

## On Trips or at Picnics This Basket Keeps Food and Drink Cool-Fresh-Delicious



With a Hawkeye you are assured a better lunch than you ever tasted from old style baskets. This basket is also useful for small families instead of an ice chest. Invaluable for the sick room and for travelers. Sportsmen can carry home their catch in empty basket and keep the fish fresh. Valuable in many ways.

## The Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

keeps the food dainty, moist and cool and enables you to have ice cold drinks. A small piece of ice in the compartment provided for it, lasts 24 hours and keeps temperature in basket down to 58°.

It's like a refrigerator. Inside is white enamel, then layers of asbestos and heavy felt—best non-conductors of heat. A felt piping runs around the edge to keep air out. Outside is of imported rattan, strong enough to last a lifetime.

### Here is a Cross Section

Note the scientific construction—no heat, dust, air nor insects can penetrate.

Hawkeye Refrigerator Baskets come in several sizes, from the small hand basket to the medium sized De Luxe or the large sizes for automobiles.

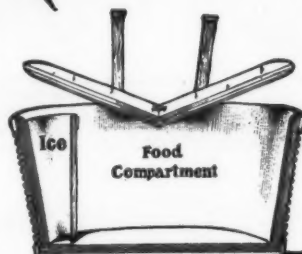
### Recipe Book Free

Write for prices and recipe book containing new lunch recipes. If your dealer does not carry the Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket, we will supply you direct. 30 days' free trial.

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.

200 Main Street

Burlington, Iowa



Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



HER CHOICE

"Smile, if you will,  
But some heart-strings  
Are closest linked  
With simplest things."

India Print, 22 by 18 in. \$2.00

Beautify your home with cheerful things. On receipt of twenty-five cents we will send you our little book of LIFE'S PRINTS containing 160 reproductions of these most artistic and pleasure-giving pictures.

With it you will also receive the supplement of 47 additional pictures.

Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



"OOH!"

Photogravure, 13 1/4 by 16 in. 50 cents

160 Pictures  
for 25 Cents



Copyright 1907 by Life Pub. Co.



THEIR FIRST BREAKFAST  
Photogravure, 13 1/4 by 16 in. 50 cents

The prints described, whose prices are given, are PHOTO-GRAVURES of the highest possible quality and finish. Neither care nor expense has been spared to attain the very best artistic results.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.  
23 West 31st Street, New York



# COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (\*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (\*\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirtieth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

## Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

\* **The Rennett** E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

### BOSTON, MASS.

† **United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. \$3. E.P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

† **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gaiety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

† **Broadway Central Hotel** Only N.Y. Hotel featuring the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

† **Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

† **Hotel Henry** 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mgr.

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

† **Powers Hotel** recently remodeled and refurnished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Bathing. European plan.

## HEALTH RESORTS

### WALTER PARK, PA.

**The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium** Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila. Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

## SUMMER RESORTS

### ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

\* **Chalfonte** ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

### NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

\* **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.



**TOURS**  
AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT  
420 W. 13th Street, New York

"SEE AMERICA FIRST" Send for circular "Rates and Routes" to the Pacific Coast, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, California, Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, etc., etc., to MARSTERS TOURS, BOSTON  
31 W. 30th St., NEW YORK—296 Washington St., BOSTON

**New Zealand and Australia** New Service via Tahiti. Delightful South Sea Tours for rest, health and pleasure. S. S. Mariposa sails from San Francisco July 1, etc., connecting at Tahiti with Union Line for Wellington. The only passenger line from U. S. to New Zealand. Only \$260 1st class to Wellington and back. Tahiti and back, 1st class only \$125. OCEANIC LINE, 673 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO

**AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE** By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Oct. 16—\$650 up 30 TOURS TO EUROPE, \$270.00 UP.  
FRANK C. CLARK Times Bldg., New York

**EUROPE** Send for booklet. Best Way to See Europe at Moderate Cost. J. F. GRAHAM, IDEAL EUROPEAN TOURS, Box 1005-K, Pittsburg, Pa.

## PATENTS

### NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent. O'BRIEN & BRONK, Pat. Attys., 915 F St., Washington, D. C.

# Collier's

Saturday, May 22, 1909



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Volume XLIII Number 9

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

## ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 4

### THE COST OF ADVERTISING

VERY few readers of Collier's, or of any national publication for that matter, know how advertising is placed or what it costs. Advertising is becoming an art and the advertisements in the best publications are an embellishment. Without advertising the splendid periodicals of to-day would be impossible and readers are the ones most vitally interested. Reverse the tables: Let publishers withdraw from accepting any advertising and again the readers would be affected. The advertiser and publisher bring the reader in touch with the latest and best of everything in every nook and corner of the country. That is why you, as a reader, ought to be interested.

A one-inch advertisement in Collier's, one time, costs the advertiser \$35. A quarter page costs \$400, a page in black and white \$1,600, and color pages all the way from \$1,800 to \$2,500, according to the colors used. When a merchant

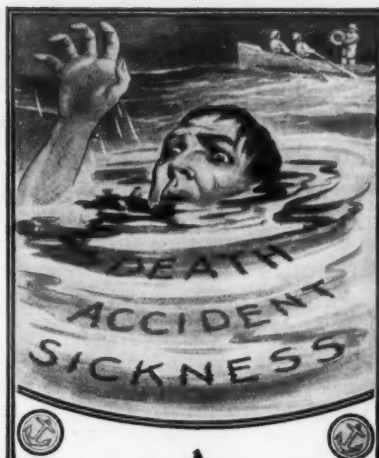
or manufacturer spends \$400 for a quarter-page announcement or \$1,600 for a page, he is pretty certain in his own mind that he is making a wise investment, for it surely is an investment, for the immediate or distant future. If he is a mail-order advertiser, he must get immediate returns in the form of cash or replies from prospective customers. In other words, he must make money on every advertisement else he suffers a distinct loss.

The publicity advertiser is building for the future. He rarely expects and seldom gets any inquiries, but by keeping everlastingly at it, he makes his product known and many times a by-word: a well-known camera manufacturer has advertised his cameras so thoroughly and consistently that the word "kodak" has actually become synonymous with the word "camera." Advertising costs, but it pays, and the reader reaps the benefits.

E. C. PATTERSON  
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Advertiser and Publisher"

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



## A Sea of Troubles

is safely sailed  
by having our

## Income Insurance

One of our Popular Premium Policies takes away the worry when laid up by sickness. It helps the family in case of death by accident. No physical examination necessary and the payments come to your door by mail.

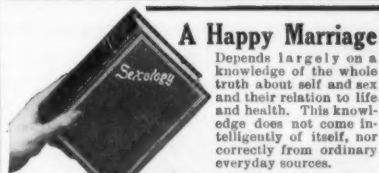
Agents wanted in all cities of 5,000 and over

Fill out and return coupon below  
for further particulars

### Empire State Surety Company

84 William Street  
NEW YORK  
Offices in all Important Cities

Name.....  
Address.....  
Collier's



### A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. W—PHILA., PA.

## Odd Lots of Stock

You invest in odd lots (I share up to 100 shares) because you can thus trade conservatively and with moderate capital.

We assist you through good execution of orders, buying odd lots at the offered price of 100 share lots or better, and selling at the bid price or better.

We give the attention to your account which houses dealing mainly in large lots will not extend to small business.

Send for market letters and "Odd Lot Circular C."

JOHN MUIR & CO. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange,  
71 Broadway, New York

## Rider Agents Wanted

In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1909 model. Write for Special Offer. Fleet guaranteed. 1909 Models \$10 to \$27 with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1907 & 1908 Models \$7 to \$12 all of best makes. 500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS All makes and models, \$3 to \$8 good as new. Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship On Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalog and offer. Write now. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. L-54, CHICAGO



## The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and The National Association of Credit Men

The National Association of Credit Men representing the leading mercantile houses of the United States in addressing merchants throughout the country on the need of adequate and responsible fire insurance protection, says:—

"Through the guarantee which it has given you an insurance company may suddenly become your debtor. Might it not be well to know ahead of time what kind of a debtor it is likely to be?"

The points which the Credit Men say ought to be considered in selecting a fire insurance Company are given below. See how well they describe The Hartford.

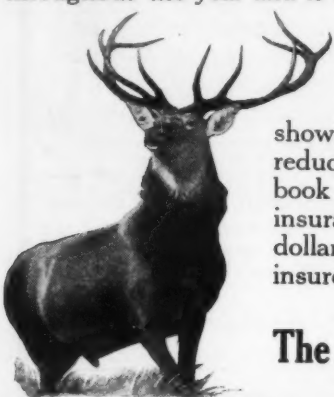
### What Credit Men Ask

- 1—"What is the net surplus above capital and all liabilities?"
- 2—"Has it (the insurance company) a record of paying its debts (losses) promptly and without unjust deductions?"
- 3—"Are the men who manage its affairs men of character and high standing in the community, upholding the principles of business which assure a long and honorable existence?"

### What The Hartford Is

- 1—The Hartford's surplus January 1st, 1909, above capital and all liabilities—\$5,061,592.
- 2—After San Francisco in putting The Hartford on its Roll of Honor, this same National Association of Credit Men said, "Considering that its gross loss was the immense sum of \$10,275,000, the company is worthy of the highest commendation."
- 3—The Hartford's reputation for commercial honor is its most cherished asset, and its continued observance of good faith with its policy-holders is attested by its popularity and success. It is 99 years old and does the largest fire insurance business in the United States.

The service which The Hartford affords the public continues throughout the year and is not limited to payment of losses. It has published a book "Fire Prevention and Fire Insurance" with separate chapters for Household, Merchants and Manufacturers, showing each how danger of fire may be reduced in his particular property. The book also gives valuable advice concerning insurance and may save you thousands of dollars no matter in what company you are insured. It is free if you mention Collier's.



SEND FOR IT  
**The Hartford Fire Insurance Co.**  
Hartford, Conn.

### Simpler To Control Than An Automobile



### Mullins 1909 Motor Boats

Designed by the world's greatest naval architects—Whitely & Whitaker, of New York, N. Y. These remarkable new models are perfect in construction and detail. The One Man Control makes them simpler than an automobile. Mullins Under-water Exhaust makes them noiseless and eliminates odors, dirt and grease. The Improved Reversible Engine, the celebrated "Ferro," is the simplest, most dependable marine engine built. Mullins Boats are built of steel like government torpedo boats. They cannot leak, sink, water log or warp—never require caulking, bailing or drying out—always dry, clean, comfortable and absolutely safe. We are the largest builders in the world of Launches, Motor Boats, Row-Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats. Write today for complete Catalog, and learn all about these wonderful boats and their low cost. W. H. Mullins Company, 119 Franklin Street, Salem, O.

### Your Vacation Land

A land of rest, recuperation and recreation is reached in a few hours by the Lackawanna Railroad. Whatever sport or pastime you prefer you can find the best place for its enjoyment by sending 10 cents in stamps for the new 1909 Lackawanna Vacation Book, entitled

### "MOUNTAIN AND LAKE RESORTS"

The book contains 110 pages of information and many pictures of places of fascinating beauty. It tells you the best place to go, the best place to stay, the best way to get there, with lists of hotels, boarding houses, rates, railroad fares, etc. Address

Geo. A. Cullen  
General Passenger  
Agent Lackawanna  
Railroad  
Dept. 14, 90 West  
Street, New York



### HOW YOU CAN EARN \$300 OR MORE A MONTH



One box ball alley costing \$150, took in \$215 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing \$200, took in \$1,372.95 in five months. Four large alleys costing \$840, took in \$1,845.20 in fifty-nine days, more than \$800 a month. Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with lever—no pin boy to employ. Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 303 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

### PERFECTION MARINE ENGINES

2H \$45  
2P \$45  
6H \$95  
6P \$95  
Complete

Send for details of our popular 3 to 4 h.p.—bore 3 3/4 in., stroke 3 3/4 in., weight 150 lbs. for launches up to 22 ft.—the most remarkable value ever given in a marine gasoline engine. Attractively priced. Described in detail in our new Catalog, listing 2 to 25 h. p., 1 to 4 cylinders. Be just to yourself. Get this Catalog and learn about our "Square Deal" plan—quick sales—speedy motors. THE GAILL PERFECTION MOTOR CO., 1330 2nd Ave., Detroit, Mich.



## The bride's wise choice



"From our new cottage  
"home I shall omit the  
"useless inner doors,  
"mantles, extra chim-  
"neys, fancy lamps that  
"are never lighted,  
"books which are never  
"read, vases which con-  
"tain no flowers, etc. Let us first  
"purchase an outfit of

### AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

"because they save much coal, need no repairs, keep all ashes, smoke, and soot out of the living-rooms, are safe, and will last long as the cottage shall stand. These savings and economies will help in time to pay for the finer furnishings."

"The cottage will be kept cozy warm all over, and the family health thus protected. If we prosper and move to a larger house, we will get our full money back, or 10% to 15% higher rental to cover cost, as IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators do not rust out or wear out."

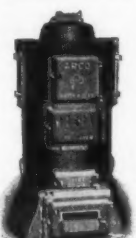
Those who know that happiness depends so much upon the comfort and healthfulness of the home, whether newlyweds or longweds, are urged to write us at once.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 600 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$245, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 22, 1909



## June Fiction Number

In the Fiction Number for June, which appears next week, there will be three stories,

### "Where Thieves Break In"

By

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

From the moment when the little heroine of Josephine Daskam Bacon's story "Where Thieves Break In" wriggled her plump person into the deserted house, and met the engaging stranger with the Yale pin and the leather suit-case full of Aunt Edith's forks and spoons, things happen. He was a handsome, well-dressed man, and when Caroline first encountered him he was eating—daintily poisoning a bit of jelly on some bread. With a network of cobwebs upon her shoulders, she assured him he was not a burglar, and yet he had "two thousand dollars' worth of stuff" in the suit-case. Like Caroline, he said he had been "just pretending" to rob her aunt's house. There is plenty of excitement and a little tragedy before the tale is ended.

### The King of Coconut Island

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

A cannibal king and a Yankee are leading men in this whimsical South Sea Story. The Yankee owns a traveling circus, and has his menagerie along with him when he lands on the shores of the royal domains. William Simms was a man who yearned for adventure. "If I can tote this bunch of animals on this sailin' tub through all them islands on the map without nothin' happenin', why, I might as well give up huntin' fer trouble." This story follows and continues "The Trouble Hunter," which appeared in the May fiction number, although the reading of the previous story is by no means essential to the complete enjoyment of this.

### The Thread of Gold

By

STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

"The Thread of Gold" is the romance of a gentle-souled bookseller who cherishes an unsuspected dream for thirty years, and then sees it come true. He lives in a trifling and timid bustle among old books, dry books and defunct books. Out of one of them drops a yellowing photograph of a rather superb woman, as she must have been, graceful in a voluminous ball gown. Starting from that picture, the bookseller tells his story—the romance of "peering from the doorway, watching and waiting." As in all appealing romances there is a veritable villain, "a tall fellow with black, curly whiskers, a big red-faced brute."

### Baseball Up-to-Date

The series of articles on Baseball by Will Irwin will continue in Collier's for June 5. The modern game will be described in its picturesque, intricate, and popular phases.

May 22



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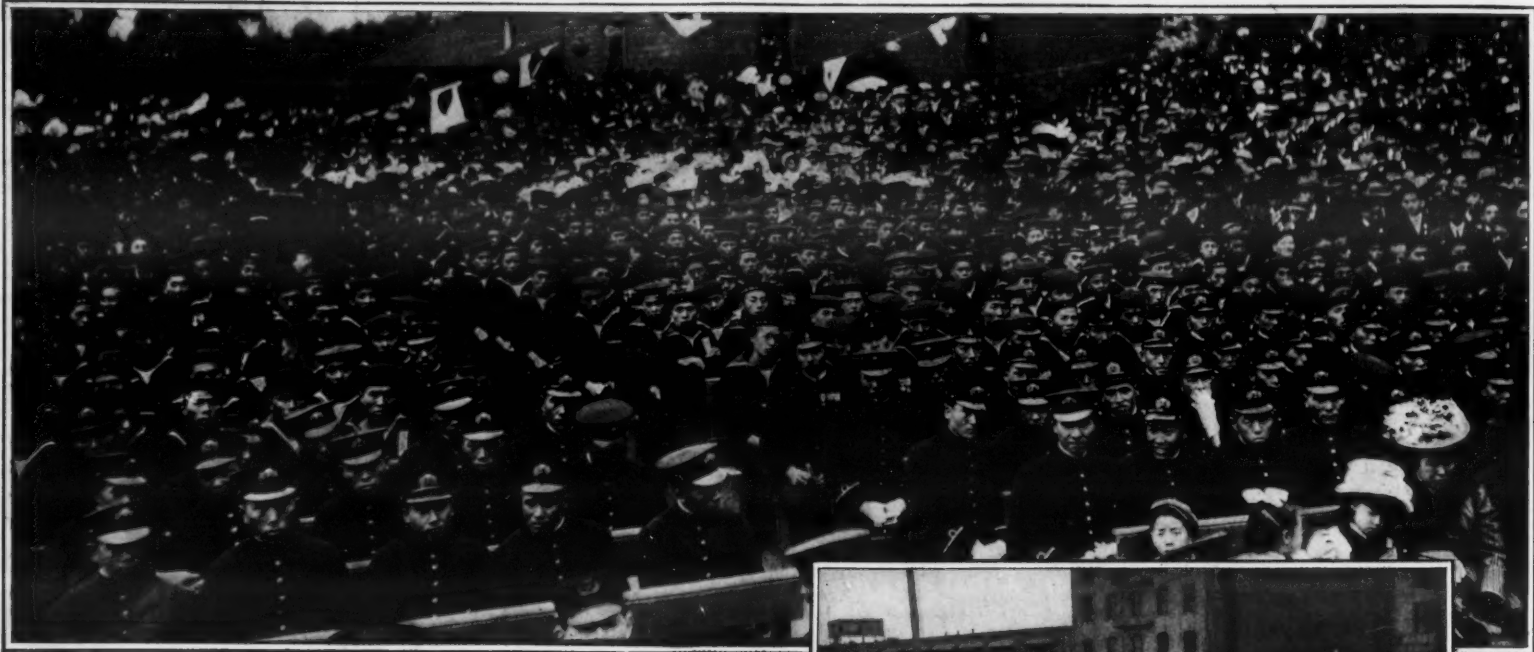
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*Officers and cadets from the "Aso" and "Soya" being entertained at a Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park*



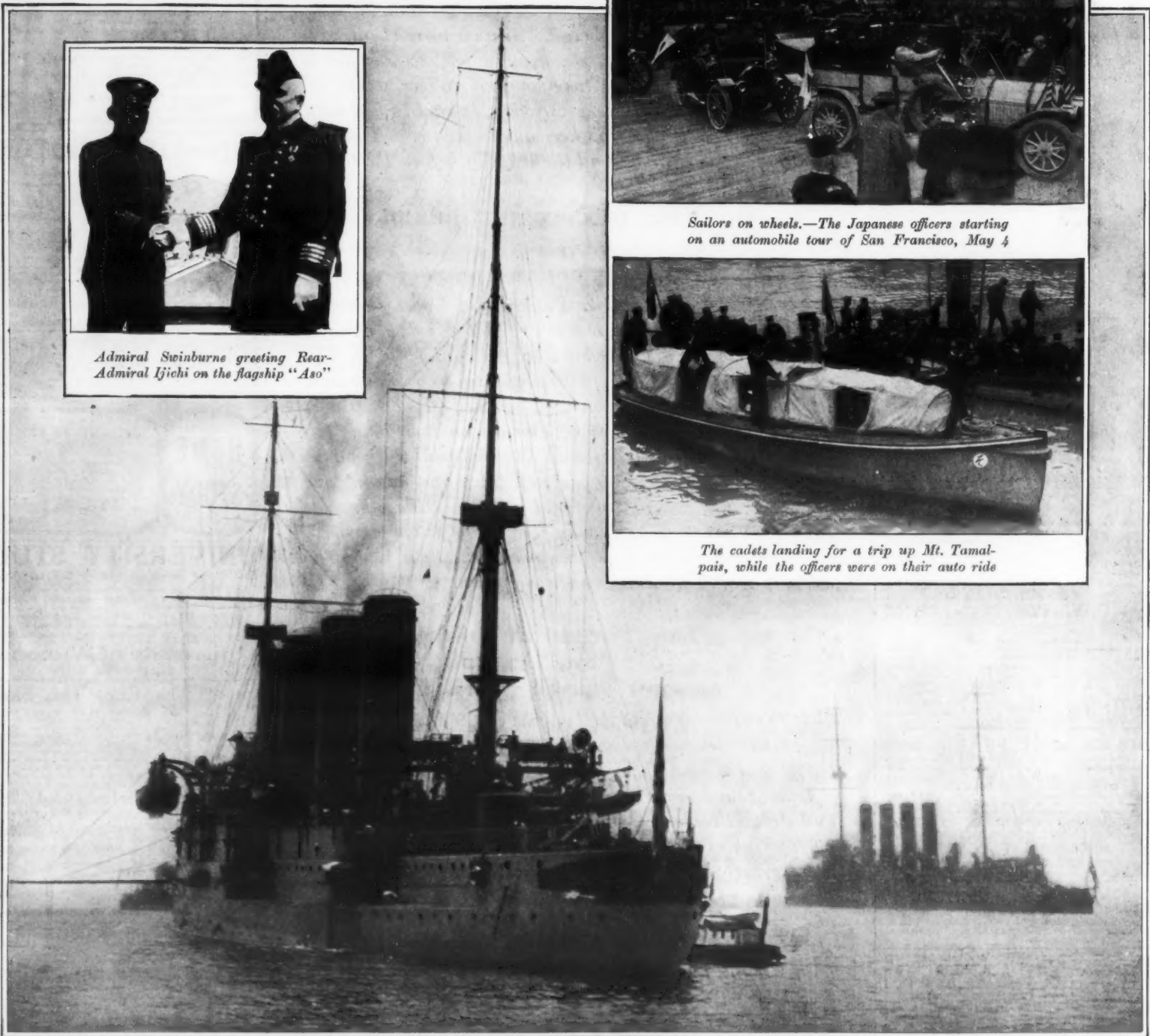
*Admiral Swinburne greeting Rear-Admiral Ijichi on the flagship "Aso"*



*Sailors on wheels.—The Japanese officers starting on an automobile tour of San Francisco, May 4*



*The cadets landing for a trip up Mt. Tamalpais, while the officers were on their auto ride*



*The Japanese cruisers, "Aso" and "Soya," comprising the training squadron of the Mikado's navy, which arrived in the harbor of San Francisco, May 1*

## Japan Returns the Visit of Our Fleet





# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

May 22, 1909

### Independence

**A**TENTION EVERYWHERE in the United States will be given to District Attorney JEROME's fight for another term. When he ran last there was not a State in the Union which failed to number thousands eagerly interested in the outcome. Men and women everywhere cared, because they believed he stood in American politics for a better day. They liked drama, to be sure, but it was the independence and the freedom from partizan incumbrance that gave the drama life. When Mr. JEROME, a few weeks ago, called attention to the fact that his only answer was to the people, not to any party, he showed the center of his strength. He makes his decisions for himself. No organization creates his obligations for him. No boss tells him what to do or explains to him what is right. He has opposed great powers often, in politics and outside of them. He has displeased strong leaders of finance. He has stood at times against the public. He is standing at present against the two most powerful yellow journals in the country. The Hearst and Pulitzer papers hate him for a number of reasons. He has frequently refused to take their orders. He has regarded his office as judicial, not personal or political. He has shown his willingness to punish both of those great newspapers for certain of the many libels which they constantly inflict upon the public. Our prophecy is that the leading elements this time will be JEROME's campaigning ability, on the one hand, and, on the other, the furious hostility of the yellow press. In August he will be nominated by petition. In September Tammany and the Republicans will decide whether to endorse his record or oppose it. If both machines come out against him, the difficulty of his task will be terrific. Not improbably, however, neither party will care to risk defeat by nominating another candidate, with the chance that the opposition will nominate JEROME. It would be more amusing if parties could be eliminated from this fight, so that the test of strength might be clear—the solid opinion of the community against the fiercest efforts of the yellow journals. We by no means underrate this power of BRISBANE, PULITZER, and HEARST. It is a mighty weapon which they wield. Against them will be the general belief of the bar, sound business, and educated men in other walks, that the District Attorney has earned another term; that his election will be an encouragement to independence; that his defeat will be a tribute to forces which are revengeful and malign. It would be a pretty struggle, this, between these demagogues and the general fairness of the town, but unfortunately it can not be isolated. The outcome will be determined largely by the party conventions in September, and they will be guided partly by their conception of what the general public thinks, but partly also by those hidden wires which few men understand.

### Austria

**T**HE PROPOSED APPOINTMENT of Mr. KERENS to the Court of Austria would be outrageous. Although the explicit reports are not denied, the cheerful course is to regard such an appointment as impossible until it is actually made. From the standpoint of social fitness Austria has recently been treated tactlessly enough by us. In manners Mr. KERENS would be as absurd as in record he is undeserving. The only motive would be to get him out of the way of other Republican politicians in Missouri. This exquisite reason is insufficient ground for insulting the United States and Austria.

### Song and Matrimony

**M**ME. FREMSTAD, one of the most genuine artists on the opera stage, believes a husband and children would be inconsistent with adequate devotion to her art. Mmes. HOMER, SCHUMANN-HEINK, and GADSKI, finished and thorough singers, have made the experiment with success. The argument has had centuries of life. BACON took sides on it as applied to every kind of public life. Many have believed matrimony a foe to art, but usually, like Mme. FREMSTAD and Mr. HENRY JAMES, they have been unmarried. Temperament has no universal rules. Sometimes human responsibility is a curb to creative thought. More often it gives nourishment, exercise, and the ability to grow richer and more efficient with experience.

### Mush

**T**HE HAINS TRIAL has again echoed through the land. The cheap and false in public sentiment is often brought to light by murder trials. Women especially flock to the rescue of some brutal murderer and betrayer, because his young life is threatened with extinction. Journalists, not only of the Hearst and Brisbane type, play loudly upon this responsive chord. A demoralized and pretty girl commits unlimited perjury at the expense of a dead architect, in support of a living murderer; the country echoes with eulogies of the "child wife" and "angel child"; and COLLIER'S is flooded with protests and cancellations because we point out that her testimony is false. The Hains murder belongs in the long list of melodramas. The murderer was a man of poor character moved by motives undeserving of respect. Thousands of readers, encouraged by the yellow press, have smothered the case in a mush of emotion, gregarious, ignorant, and untrue.

### Harriman and the Coast

**H**ERE IS A STORY of interest not only to the Pacific Coast, but to all who follow government in the great American republic. Let it be introduced by the letter of one Senator to another:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 8, 1909.

"HON. M. N. JOHNSON.

"My Dear Senator:

"I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of yesterday, containing the enclosed letter from one of your constituents, who charges that HARRIMAN has a lease for ninety-nine years on every foot of shore line, and no shipping can be made from this port [San Pedro] except by the grace of the Southern Pacific Railroad."

"In reply, I would say that I was engaged in operating steamships for many years from coast ports both north and south of San Pedro, and we landed all our ships at that port, as did hundreds of other vessels engaged in the shipping business, at a public wharf, the rates of dockage being fixed by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles County or the trustees of San Pedro or Wilmington. There are other wharfs in that port owned by the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company and other terminal companies separate from the Harriman lines; there are half a dozen lumber companies that have wharfs, and the Banning Brothers also own wharfs there, and the city of Los Angeles owns a strip of land a half-mile or more wide, extending from that city down to San Pedro Harbor, where the Government has expended about three millions of dollars in building a breakwater. I feel sure, therefore, that your correspondent has been misinformed as to the ownership of the property fronting on the harbor of San Pedro or the ocean; but, be that as it may, the water-front, as you know, on the ocean is subject to the control of the Government, and the Board of Supervisors, City Trustees, etc., fix the rates of wharfage tolls regardless of ownership of the land.

"I submitted your letter to my colleague, Senator FLINT, who for many years has been one of the leading lawyers of Los Angeles, and who for four years or more was United States District Attorney, and he informs me that there is not a word of truth in the charge made by your correspondent—to wit: that Mr. HARRIMAN is the owner of all the land at San Pedro. I remain,

Very truly yours,  
"(Signed) GEO. C. PERKINS."

This sounds firm, does it not? Well, the Senator is correct in just one part of his denial. The ninety-nine-year lease does not exist. The other charges are in all essentials true. The rates of dockage are fixed by the Board of Supervisors, but it is under instructions from the Southern Pacific Railroad. Over fifty-one per cent of the stock of the Banning Brothers corporation is owned and controlled by the Southern Pacific. The city of Los Angeles owns a strip of land extending to the cities of San Pedro and Wilmington, but it is cut off from the harbor by the proprietorship of the Southern Pacific. Certain rights on the harbor are owned by electric lines, but these are also controlled by Mr. HARRIMAN. The Government owns some pieces of land on the harbor, but they are not yet improved, not extensive, and not favorable to commerce. The lumber companies referred to secure their privileges from Mr. HARRIMAN. There is, then, no frontage to-day on the harbor where a ship can tie up, not owned or controlled by the Southern Pacific or its affiliated corporations. The city of Los Angeles is now engaged in an effort to break the title to certain tide lands, under the control of Mr. HARRIMAN, for the purpose of making that port, if possible, free, but even should the city be successful, Mr. HARRIMAN will probably find some way to annul its victory.

### Are They?

**A**RE PINK WHISKERS educational? The question has been pounded to a jury. The case turned on the legality of a certain "turn" at a music hall on a Sunday evening. To be within the law of the State where the trial was held a Sunday night "concert" must have a religious or an educational trend. At such a concert pink whiskers

were worn. Hence the query: Are they educational? According to the logic of the theatrical manager, education consists in the promulgation of facts hitherto unknown. As we glance up from our page and out of the window there is in sight not a solitary spear of pink. If this color occurred in the music hall it was novel, and therefore educational. The theatrical manager's logic will do no harm. It serves to remind us that the trouble in people's reasoning is usually not in the logical process. The conclusion is likely to follow from the premises. It is in general the premises which are wrong. In this whisker case the logical process is correct. The flaw is in the definition of what makes education.

#### Take a Broader View

**O**PPOSING JUDGES for reelection merely because these judges have sometimes issued injunctions in labor disputes is too narrow a policy for unions to pursue. If an individual judge is unfair, he may reasonably be opposed, but to endeavor by a sweeping policy to influence the bench is certainly unwise. Judges are bound by precedent. They can not change the law to suit themselves. Our own preference is for a considerably more restricted use of injunctions, but we dislike to see the unions themselves unfair. In Chicago they are fighting, among others, Judge MACK, whose record happens to be particularly good, both on the bench and off. His sympathies are popular, and he has been closely connected with Hull House work. His services have been of special value to the Juvenile Court. The best opinion in Chicago is strongly in his favor, and if he is beaten by anti-Semitic prejudice and by an indiscriminating attitude in the unions there will be one more blow landed against intelligent liberalism and intelligent independence.

#### Plenty of Wet

**T**HE INTER-MOUNTAIN COUNTRY is astir with divers irrigation projects. Interest also stretches from coast to coast, since the various projects depend for pecuniary support largely on Eastern money. At the present writing one of the largest private irrigation enterprises in the history of the West is nearing completion at the doors of Denver. It is known as "The Standly Dam Project." The dam is eight miles north of the city. This dam will provide a lake of 125,000 acre-feet. It is to be supplemented by numerous other lakes, bringing the total enterprise up to 250,000 acre-feet. The land to be reclaimed reaches to the very doors of the city, and the main impound is one of the largest in existence anywhere in the world. There has, by the way, been so much moisture in Colorado this winter that it is frequently remarked that irrigation seems a sort of joke. From September 15 to March 15 there was nine feet of snow on the level. This does not of course refer to the mountain fall, which is indefinitely greater. The conditions regarding moisture this year are exceptionally encouraging in Colorado, Kansas, and Western Nebraska.

#### Rubbing It in

**T**HIS IS GOING SOME. It is so cruel it really makes us laugh. Here is this weekly busily engaged in ridding an indifferent world of wilcat finance and get-rich-quick ingenuities, when along comes one concern, with brazen cheerfulness, annexing us to their project. The Old Gold Salvage and Wrecking Company would make even a typical "sucker" smile. It is described as "a \$10,000,000 treasure," and it intends to find the cargoes of the kind of gentlemen of which Captain KIDD is the most notorious. "The recovery of the treasure would yield a dividend of four thousand per cent on the entire capital stock." Four thousand! And this amount "should be available this summer." Was ever anything more profitable than that? Well, in the announcement appears in large letters the name of this paper. "COLLIER'S, the National Weekly, September 23, 1905. The Lure of the Pirate's Gold," with two and a half pages following. Nerve? It is almost justified by the audacity. Of the victims caught we wonder how many are lured by the name of this periodical. Let us say, none. Let us suppose that all COLLIER readers are too clever for any scheme promising better than three thousand per cent in six months.

#### Controlling Motors

**A**MERICANS FAIL thus far in their grappling with accidents from automobiles. Every day women and children are maimed or killed, and the noble-minded drivers often run away. In many cases of arrest no penalty is inflicted. In other cases it is a fine, which often makes the culprit laugh. Any one who has motored in England notices the difference there. Where are the accidents in London? There are very few in all the island. Chance counts for almost nothing. When a policeman holds up his hand the speeder stops. The most daring would scarcely run away. His recapture would be certain; his punishment severe. Policemen are incorruptible. Judges know the law and apply it with evenness and rigor. What we need in this country, before we can succeed in handling reckless individuals, is a bench and police force free from politics. Licenses to run motor-cars should be more difficult to obtain. They should be taken away for every serious breach of conduct. Jail should be the lot of any man who is guilty of criminal recklessness, of attempted bribery or "influence," or of endeavor to escape.

#### Come to Stay

**S**ENATOR WARREN raises horses on his Wyoming ranch. When they stray too far from the ranch house, the Senator's "wranglers" mount their trusty automobiles and round the horses up. On a horse a man can cover only forty or fifty miles of range in a day; the automobile will carry him from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. After a hard storm in the Northwestern range country the sheep will be scattered, and suffer severely if they are not quickly brought in. For innumerable purposes automobiles are beginning to show their worth. About two hundred thousand of them are running in the United States. Hard times did not lessen the demand. For pleasure and for business the machine increases in appreciation. It needs a little sensible regulation, but it has added to the ease, pleasure, comfort, and economy of living, and it has come to stay.

#### Tolerance Commended

**"A** REFORMING AGE is always fertile of impostors," wrote MACAULAY. Hitched to the star of every wholesome reform are the petty vendors who have a prescription for every outbreak of popular folly. They are the camp followers of the army. Whatever of intolerance is ascribed to every good reform too often grows out of this chorus. Perhaps it was as a tribute to the activity of this element that one disgusted voter in a Western city laid down this epicedian platform for all reformers: "Make it a crime to smile; close up all the theaters; don't allow dancing, make every one go to church for his soul, and to the cemetery for his recreation." Reform has its infancy and its measles. One may smile and smile, and be a reformer, and one may go to church without becoming intolerant. The virtue which the world wants is noble-minded and noble-hearted virtue. Statues are not chiseled to little fault-finders, though they are raised often to reformers of a larger cast. "Deal mercifully with the man beside you, for he, also, has a hard battle to fight." Perhaps the light he sees is as pure and clear to him as yours to you.

#### International Episode in Porcelain

**W**HATEVER THE PROVERB, imitations themselves are likely often to be unflattering. Commercially, the imitation usually is a reproduction, derived by less laborious methods, of an article wrought under inspiration. In such short-circuits, which furnish the least good to the greatest number, the United States has earned a reputation for cleverness combined with ruthlessness—for appreciation more of profit than of beauty. We are not alone, however. The English consumer has his reservations about things "made in Germany"; and we know the Japanese skill in flooding Western markets with tawdry imitations. An ancient and world-wide art-craft, and one most sensitive to these modern influences, is that of the potter; and a suggestive episode may now be observed in every American metropolis where the department store flourishes. There is a favorably known product of an American pottery bearing the honored name of Dedham ware, of good Massachusetts parentage. The designs are original, the execution admirable, the technique legitimate, the form and texture honestly derived. The result is commercially available, well suited to modern use, attractive, and a credit to an American art industry. Naturally, plates and cups and saucers thus made must be paid for. However, our taste in these things has been formed by the vast displays of foreign-made "china," good, bad, and not so bad, upon which, bearing the mark of brush or stencil, the citizens of the United States pay tribute in the guise of a substantial duty. Under protection of said duty, and not notably restrained by inconvenient scruples, we also proceed to satisfy the more popular taste by making the foreign product at home. Those who can afford it enjoy their breakfast served upon a Copenhagen service; the less fastidious break their fast upon "Copenhagen" that is of Trenton-upon-Delaware. Austrian-made "Dedham"—a cheap imitation, produced by factory-inspired processes—is now offered to complacent shoppers of these penetrating States, and is apparently acceptable, since it undersells the true American product, even when the purchaser has paid the duty and the freight. Whether the American pottery could have prevented this encroachment upon its preserves by proper protection of designs is a question not easily settled in retrospect. The American pot and the Austrian kettle have here a chance for repartee. The boldness of this return invasion may offer reflections to our critics abroad, who may learn the fresh fact that nowadays we are sinned against as well as sinning.

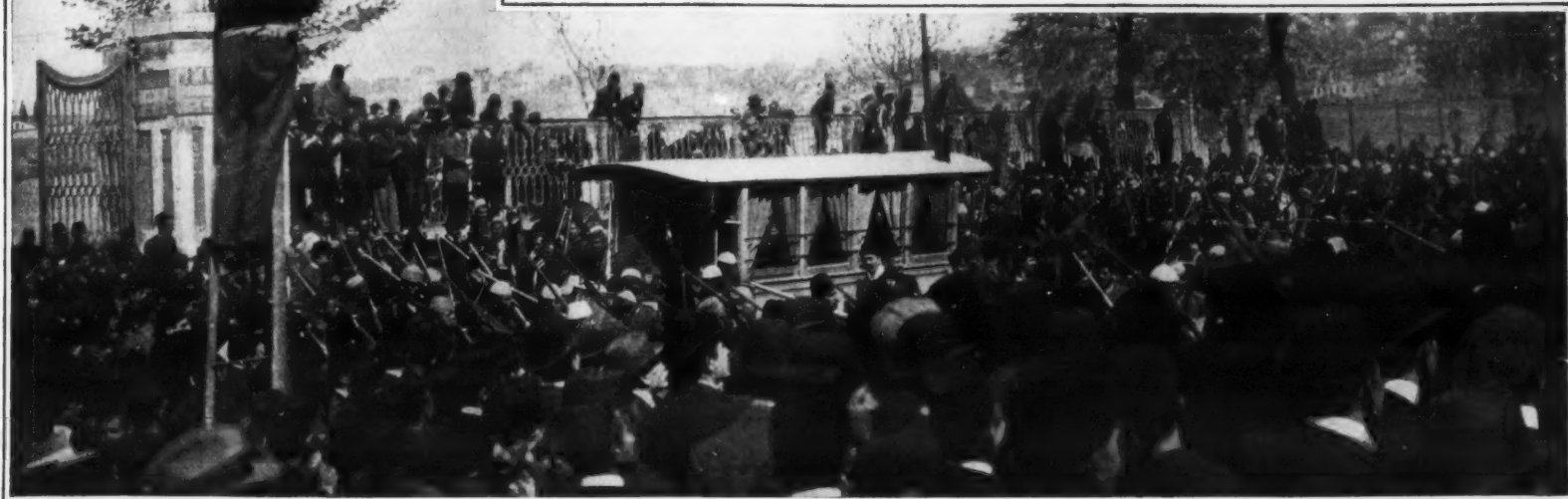
#### Father to the Man

**T**O KNOW CHILDREN, study their toys. At least in the earlier years the toy gives many hints. What is the meaning of the great rush into the market of mechanical chickens, ducks, pigs, jumping rabbits, plush rabbits with celluloid faces, and all the rest? Merely that the child early develops a passion for everything which he recognizes as life. Later his abstract interests come. Indeed, the abstract interests are to be seen early too. One child, for instance, had among his earliest developments the word "gone"—abstract enough, in all conscience, but the keenest and most universal interest, at first, is for life, in its most concrete embodiment, and hence the great charm of the actual animal, and, when that is unattainable, its mechanical equivalent.





Carrying the wounded to the hospital after the attack on the Sultan's palace



Crowds of Europeans and Turks cheering the soldiers of the Constitutionalist Army on their way back to the Taksim Barracks, after the surrender of the guards of the Yildiz Kiosk

# The Young Turks in Action

A Brief Account of the Overthrow of Abdul Hamid

By FREDERICK PALMER

When the Sultan cast aside the Constitution, Mr. Palmer started for Constantinople, arriving the day the Constitutional troops entered the city

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27

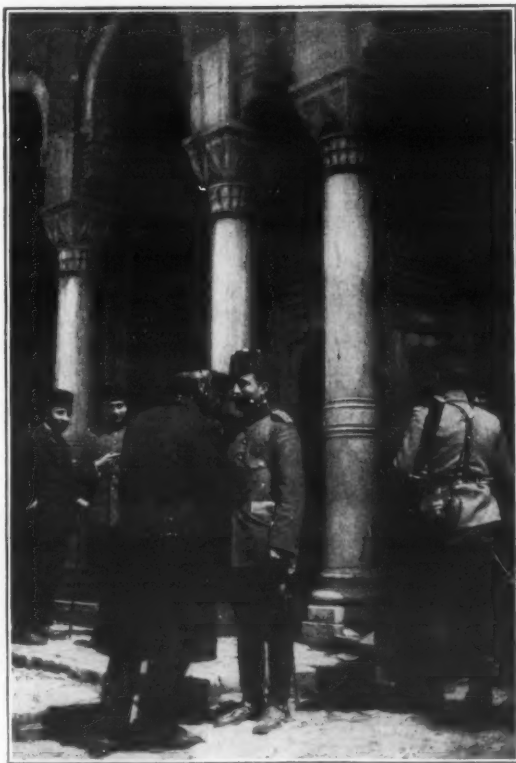
IN THE window glasses of the American consul's house the fight of the morning had drilled small holes the size of a ten-cent piece, which will serve the double purpose of souvenirs and ventilators in the future. The outer line of barracks taken, the Young Turks troops had moved on. For the afternoon our host promised his guests the climax of a drama which had run its course in lethargic Turkey with the swiftness of a panic on the Stock Exchange. At four either Yildiz was to surrender or to be stormed. Against their brothers, and in behalf of their master, would the Sultan's garrison fight to the last ditch with the courage of their race? For the answer we waited on the consul's roof.

Through the streets leading toward Yildiz Hill, Abdul could watch the squads working their way forward, much as a hunter approaches game.

The nearby firing stopped; and we knew that this task of street-cleaning was over. There was dead silence except for the rattle of the wench of some tramp steamer in the harbor whose captain proposed to work, war or no war. Then, at half-past four, an eye clearer than its fellows made out a white flag over one of the barracks in front of Yildiz. Only twelve hours after the Young Turks had entered the city the lone old tyrant had decided to take the advice of thirty thousand bayonets. A mob put Louis XVI off the throne. Three disciplined army corps passed the word to Abdul Hamid.

He was not thinking of dying in a manner worthy of a Padishah who believed in himself as the defender of the faith against rebels. He was thinking of saving his own life. Meanwhile the soldiers were singing constitutional hymns and cheering a youngster of twenty-eight, and men double his years were throwing their arms around him in ecstasy most un-Turkish. The embraces by the Old Turks who had been on the political fence were particularly warm. When asked what was to be done with the Sultan, this youngster, speaking French to the French and German to the Germans who came to congratulate him, answered all according to the book he had learned abroad: "That is for Parliament to say. The army was only the instrument"—and this from a pyramid head under a fez.

May 22



Enver Bey, Leader of Men

This young officer is one of the youngest of the so-called Young Turks,—that is, one of the youngest in high places. He is the type of officer who made the movement which overthrew the tyranny of Abdul Hamid. His was the first regiment to revolt last July. He was Military Attaché in Berlin and hastened south when the trouble began, to direct the advance of the Young Turks

The next day the Greek vendors were making up for loss on stocks of Abdul Hamid's by selling his picture in the streets. There must always be some young hero. In this event the lightning of sudden fame struck Enver Bey. He is a type of the younger army officers who have been the inspiration of the movement: the Young Turk incarnate.

The one modern institution in Turkey was the army. As a threatening factor in playing one European state against another, Abdul kept it well equipped. The instrument which in other countries puts down rebellions here produced the leaders of reform. In order to be up-to-date, the young officers had to study abroad. Thus, in what was to be a people's movement, the agitation began from the top. The troops were the pupils, the officers the teachers, and the schoolroom Macedonia.

In July last occurred the real revolution. Young Enver Bey's was the first regiment to raise the banner. Fire ran from regiment to regiment along a well-laid fuse. A movement fully organized sprang out of the darkness. An order of Odd Fellows, which had no real lodge meets, sprang into control of the country. The Sultan had to revive the Constitution.

Parliament met on the 17th of December. But Parliament did not rule. The Young Turk Committee of Union and Progress—a hierarchy holding no office—ruled.

The Sultan turned to faith as the ally of his intrigues. His is the cunningest hand that ever led Oriental diplomacy on tracks new to its own imagination. The clergy went about preaching that the sacred laws were being broken. Religion and the distribution of largess from Yildiz formed a plot. Its culmination was the murder of their officers by the troops in Constantinople.

## The Sultan's Special Prayer

BANDS of soldiers roamed the streets firing their rifles at pleasure; then, tired out, returned to their officerless barracks. All the members of the Cabinet were seeking cyclone-cellars not down in the City Directory. Yet when he went to mosque the crafty Sultan offered a special prayer for the Constitution, which he loved as dearly as a woolen manufacturer loves free trade.

It was all over, Europe thought. The "ins" were out and the "outs" were in. But the Young Turks were prepared for just what had happened. The Sultan put his head in the noose which they had slung for him.

By a strict passport régime they had kept the softas and hojas from agitating in Macedonia. For months they had been putting the soldier through exercises in constitutionalism as well as military drill. He was taught the real source of Christian power. His sense of military faithfulness had been played on to make him faithful to the new ideas.

#### Rifle-Fire and Marching Columns

**W**ITH Macedonia the closed preserve of the Young Turks, the forces there were theirs. Chevket Pasha and all the older commanders were Young Turks. Two trained army corps, with the latest weapons, long preparing to attack Bulgaria if need be, about-faced to move on their own capital. Their celerity and precision caught the world with the same sense of surprise at the early operations of the Japanese against the Russians. While German diplomacy had been playing with the Old Turks in the name of concessions, the methods which overthrew the Sultan were also "made in Germany." In three days the corps were before Constantinople. That problem of the entrance was a train despatcher's and hotel clerk's combined. With a map of the city on a table, these "made in Germany" officers had to tell of their attacking parties and their patrols, and when they were ready to occupy the city according to plan.

Among other texts in the Teuton book, military secrecy was not overlooked. All Constantinople, including the embassies, which try to be "in the know," went to sleep Friday night assured that there would be no action on Saturday. The first they knew of the occupation was the sound of rifle-fire and the sight of marching columns. Those in command had been extremely polite in every way except to warn you that you might have volleys under your bedroom window for an alarm-clock. How well the maneuver was carried out, my personal experience incidentally attests. The Orient Express, on which I arrived while the fighting was in progress, was delayed only half an hour from its schedule time. Along the railroad embankment we witnessed scenes reversing all precedent and political calculations. Bulgarian volunteers were mixed with the Turkish soldiers waiting in reserve in the suburbs; Christians and Mohammed-

dans, who had made the Balkans the cockpit of seemingly eternal racial feud, were comrades in a common cause. Turkish officers leading the cheers, they shouted together for Turkish liberty as we passed.

At dawn, when the streets were empty of all traffic—so that an awakening population should find them with the nine points of possession—the Young Turks dashed across the undefended bridges into Pera. Among them you looked in vain for the insignia of any rank. The officers were dressed as privates and carried rifles, in intimate watchful association with their men, and unidentifiable by any fanatic who would seek favor in Paradise by killing a heretic. One thing you noted that was new in Turkish soldiers. The men of the Second Corps were in good khaki rather than patches. Another thing you noticed that was old. The rifles showed the cleanliness and polish of a tool of which its owner is fond. For the Turk is a fighting man. The men in the barracks on the hills, loyal to the Sultan, had killed their officers in the April uprising, and now the brothers of the dead were advancing for vengeance. These were fanatics without a plan; Turkish soldiers used to blind obedience without any one to tell them what to do. They paid a heavy tithe in killed before the surviving ones fled as a child flies before the storm.

#### Mutineers Find Refuge in the Harem

**C**HASE followed in the streets where long-range bullets fired at close range sought out non-combatants who would see what was going on. In some cases prisoners were, indeed, taken; other fugitives threw away their rifles and uniforms and sought hiding-places. More than one hard-pressed mutineer doubtless found refuge behind the lattices from which the women of the harem looked out, unseen, on a spectacle which they could not understand.

Death in their ranks did not seem to convince the Turkish spectators that a bullet could kill when you saw no smoke or the man who fired it. They would fall back only to press curiously forward. They helped move the guns; they showed the soldiers the way.

And immediately that Yildiz was taken, Chevket Pasha, that shrewd old commander-in-chief of the Young Turks—who well knew his polyglot Constantinopolians

from Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Arabs, Kurds, Circassians, and Syrians, to the softas droning their prayers in the mosques and whispering sedition in the name of the Sacred Laws—ordered that all shops should be opened and every one should go about his business as usual.

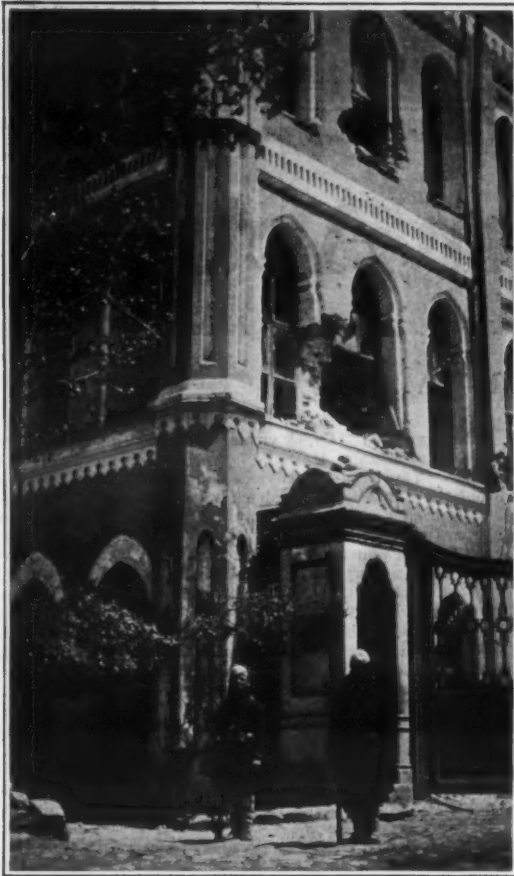
In the center of the new bridge a rapid-fire gun, cartridge-belt in position, was ready to play a spray of bullets at the first inflammable sign. At every turn you met couraging patrols. In front of the banks and embassies, and at frequent corners, were squads on guard. Constantinople was plotted with watchful muzzles.

#### A Correspondent Shot

**T**HE soldiers seemed to have word to protect the foreigners. They were good-natured; even willing to be photographed, against all Mohammedan tradition. No foreigner was wounded except as he pressed forward in his eagerness to observe the fighting. Thus the correspondent Frederick Moore was shot in the cause of his work. The Young Turk has the good opinion of the outside world in mind. He would play the game of the nations even as the Japanese have played it. To fermenting Asia Minor—where any row in the capital means offering up the Armenians as tickets to Paradise for the fanatics—word was sent holding governors responsible. Some of the governors were in almost as bad a position as the Armenians.

On Sunday, the day after the occupation, no military pass was needed. Freely you rode through Pera and Stamboul, passing patrols which brought from their fine house-to-house search prisoners, in crestfallen, dogged march, on the way to trial before a court-martial grinding out sentences of death with the summariness of a police-court's disposition of drunks and disorderlies. Somewhere behind the walls firing squads were telling off the victims.

A part of the garrison at Yildiz would not trust to the mercy of their captors. They succeeded in crossing to Asia Minor, and at last accounts were still in flight. But this garrison, which guarded his person, had not been incited by the Sultan to kill its officers. It was quite safe. It will go out to patrol the railroad instead of the harem.



Effects of shell-fire on one of the barracks



A patrol of Albanians. They wear white caps instead of fezes



The Young Turks had the most up-to-date equipment, including armored automobiles mounting rapid-fire guns, which after the fight were used for carrying messages.—The guard at the American embassy. As the troops marched in, guards were detached for the embassies and the banks



Eunuchs of the Sultan's (Abdul Hamid's) harem, outside the harem gate the morning after the surrender. They all wear European ambassadorial frock coats



After the occupation perfect order was kept. Prominent street corners were carefully plotted with rifle muzzles ready on an instant's call



**C. S. A. MONEY** Agents wanted. Circulars free.  
F. E. Cheney, Urbana, Ohio.

The

# New World of Trade

**\$80** In C. S. A. money sent to any address for \$1.  
Will give \$50 to any one who can detect it.  
**FRANK O. SHILLING,** Ohio.



**YOU A COWARD?**  
Don't worry! You can be brave. Aristotle says that all  
men are acquired habits. Read our Penny Classics—The  
Art of Culture, Emerson, Thoreau, Seneca, Goethe,  
Don't lose a minute, but write now for  
FREE SAMPLE PAPER OF TWENTY  
BOOKS SENT ON REQUEST.  
PENNY CLASSICS, 72 Plymouth Place, Chicago  
Ky.

## I—The Art of Advertising

This is the first of a series of four articles. The second, "Fair Trade and Foul," will appear in the issue of June 19, 1909

**RODS** The latest improved; sold on  
guarantee. Used for locating mi  
lost treasures, etc. Cir. 2c.  
L. A. Lowry, P. O. Box 1301-05, Denver,

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Advertising for the gullible Some of the curiosities of the paid columns

ish in our shame. And if we flee to the country for a day's communion with nature, we find sermons in stones, with "Digg's Spavin Cure" for text, and books in the running brooks, all full of testimonials to Enameline Tooth-Powder; and, like as not, the shining sun of heaven is cut off from us while a gentleman in a balloon drops at our feet an invitation to come in on the Home-Hunters' Real Estate Investment Company and get a palatial home, only ninety-nine minutes from the City Hall, for thirty-seven cents down and a postage stamp on account every other February.

All this persistence can not fail of some psychological influence. Our notions of art, and even of literature, must be insensibly modified by this enormous mass of unescapable display. Certainly our memories are impressed with it, though unconsciously or subconsciously. The average man will say: "I never pay any attention to advertisements," and think himself well within the limits of truth. But in nine cases out of ten the mere weight



A

VERTISING is the universal appeal. It is the merchant, the purchaser, the laborer, and the town-crier all packed into print and made one. Thanks to its expediences, the employment-seeker need no longer tramp wearily from door to door. He can send his message for a few cents to hundreds of thousands of possible employers. Should I lose my watch, I do not send out a man with a bell to cry it; instead I despatch a newspaper with a paragraph. Have I something new in merchandise to offer? The whole world is my market-place, and I can sell by bill-board in Havana, while, at the same time, creating a demand through the street-car spaces of Amsterdam, and sounding the virtues of my wares throughout all the Americas in the pages of the magazines. Wherever the printed or painted word goes, there supply and demand meet and merge in the revolutionized field of trade.

How great the outlay is on the new salesmanship must be, for the present, a matter of conjecture. Even guessed at, the figures have a certain picturesqueness due to sheer size, like the new tower of the Metropolitan Life Building on Madison Square, New York City, which is, itself, a species of advertisement. Perhaps \$125,000,000 is spent yearly in the United States in the field of print alone. Dailies charge as high as eighty cents per "agate" line per issue, or about two dollars for the space represented by a single one of these lines. One magazine runs to eight dollars per line. In another five thousand dollars is charged for a single page. The National Biscuit Company has expended as high as a million dollars in one year, popularizing its products. Adequately to introduce to one locality a new five-cent cigar—that is, merely to impress the name upon some section of the country, such as New England—the American Tobacco Company thinks nothing of laying out \$150,000. The mere launching of a table sauce or brand of canned goods, in a national sense, requires an initial advertising investment of \$100,000. Thus the sum of money used in exploitation has become an important economic factor. Advertising supports our elaborate publications, increases the dividends of street-car corporations with space to rent, helps pay off the mortgage on the farm which can furnish a site for bill-boards abutting on a railroad track, paints the farmer's barn at the expense of Trixter's Cough Mixture, blotches the face of nature in the Adirondacks and at Niagara Falls, and makes it possible for Mr. Roosevelt to get his dollar per word for rhetorically pursuing the startled rhinoceros through the African jungle.

We live surrounded by the advertisement. There is no hour of waking life in which we are not besought, incited, or commanded to buy something of somebody. Our morning paper is full of it; our walk to the nearest car bristles with it; the transfer which we take blazons it. We jump off the car and are butted by a sandwich man who is simply a perambulating whoop of the latest theatrical success. The mail at the office is crammed with offers of twenty per cent stock, high-spiced books, and cures for baldness. When the shades of night fall, a portentous heraldry of trade leaps in living fire from the darkness, exhorting us to drink Boozer's Whisky or per-



**CONDUCTOR!!** yelled a passenger.  
In tones that made him jump:  
"What is there in this town to see?"  
And this Conductor—bless him—he  
Responded:  
See that **hump?**



**Where is McHenry?**

Born 1812.

"They are companionable myths, these folk of Ad-land"

of iteration has produced its unnoted effect. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he can not supply many of the blanks in the following phrases, or answer at least part of the questions? "Let the — — — Twins Do

Your Work." "— Soap: It Floats." Upon what "Road of Anthracite" does "Miss Phoebe Snow of Buffalo" travel? With what was "Spotless Town" kept clean? "You press the button—" and who does the rest? What is Sunny Jim's last name?

Philology preserves the tradition of a notable feat of advertising performed before the art was recognized as an art. Among some young Scotch bloods, discussing letters, a wager was made that a word invented for the occasion could be introduced into the common speech of the city within a brief time. The test word was "quiz"; surely, when one considers it, an uncouth and artificial combination of vocables. That night the walls, the hoardings, even the sidewalks of the city, were covered with the four letters. In the morning it was the sole topic of discussion. By the week's end it had been publicly adopted and a meaning found for it. Now it holds an unshakable place in the English language. Modern commercial advertising affords at least one parallel in the word "kodak," which has forced its way into our dictionaries. Dividends inhere in a good catchy trade name or an attractive phrase. "Jones, He Pays the Freight, Jones of Binghamton," not only made a fortune for the scales manufacturer and lifted him to the Lieutenant-Governorship of New York State, but also served to "boom" his city appreciably. Could some genius devise a word, phrase, or number to which should attach a beneficent significance, analogous to the ill-fame of the number 13, for example, he could start almost any advertising enterprise with it, from a baby food to an air-gun.

Many a proverb goes wrong in advertising. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is a case in point. W. L. Douglas used some eight thousand mediums in his three-dollar shoe advertising campaign years ago, and put his own picture in every advertisement. As an agency for selling shoes, the picture might appear dubious. There's many a face which a shoe would fit better than Mr. Douglas's. But the exploitation sold the goods and made Mr. Douglas so conspicuous that he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts. Whereupon he filled the public prints with engaging accounts of his boyhood life, his business career, and his personal character, paid for at regular rates, and literally advertised himself into the Governor's chair. For the normal Republican majority of comfortable proportions was wholly blotted out, and the three-dollar shoes simply walked in, with an easy winner inside them.

To the range of advertising there is no apparent limit. Cities, political parties, and traction companies exploit themselves or their causes, as well as mercantile concerns and individuals. Does Buffalo desire to increase its population? It appropriates \$100,000 to be spent in advertising. "South Bend: Find it on the Map," proclaims that enterprising community to the reading public, being desirous of attracting new manufacturing enterprises. For months in the Cleveland traction fight the public-service corporation used columns of the newspapers' advertising space in which to present its arguments, paying for it honestly with money which, in another city, would have been employed in corrupting



the municipal legislators. In the last Presidential campaign the Republican National Committee appropriated some \$17,000 for the promulgation of the party's doctrines in the magazines. A Syracuse church advertises, most attractively, for attendance upon its services. A convivial gentleman of Milwaukee, having forsworn the Demon Rum and all his ways, saves himself the boredom of repeated explanations by advertising in the local press that he is no longer amenable to the plea of "Have one with me." What would the average reader suppose to be back of the heavily-typed query: "Are you a coward?" It merely cloaks an offer of "penny classics," by the perusal of which courage will be inspired (so the advertiser would have us believe). The story has become classic of Barney Barnato's ingenious reprisal upon a landlord with whom he had quarreled. "Wanted: Ten million lively black beetles, by a gentleman who agreed to leave a house in the condition in which he found it." Once in a while an advertisement fairly springs out at you from the page by virtue of its intensity. C. C. Hopkins, himself perhaps the most persuasive writer of advertisements in the business, told an incident, in the course of his speech before the Sphinx Club, of a man who, coming to New York with but five dollars, advertised for work as follows:

"Wanted: Any sort of work by a man, aged 31; honest; good references."

This paragraph ran, without result, being surrounded by hundreds of similar appeals, until the man found himself with but half a dollar left. Then he struck fire. This is what he wrote:

"Is there any work on God's green earth for a man who must have it?"

Next day he had sixty jobs offered him. The cry from the heart had gone to the heart. It was advertising of the highest type.

#### Geomancy and the Black Arts

**O**FTEN advertising of the lowest type, morally, is effective. There are dealers who for years have exploited, in high-priced mediums, Confederate money, as if it could be passed for good money. Crystal balls and other devices for fortune-telling, marked cards, loaded dice, and divining rods are among the curiosities of the paid columns. Suppose such a paragraph as the following, clipped from a magazine of enormous circulation, to have been discovered by some antiquarian of the year 3000 A. D.:

"Magic needles—rods, goldometers, chronometers, etc., for treasure-seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet free for two cents postage. P. & M. Agency, 24 Elm Street, Palmyra, Pa."

Can we not imagine that savant of the future addressing his absorbed class as follows: "Despite the vaunted spread of education and the claims of universal intelligence put forth by the patriotic champions of the United States of America at that period, geomancy and the black arts were not only practised, but also made the basis of commercial dealings well into the enlightened twentieth century."

For the benefit of those interested in the vagaries of advertising, sundry further instances might be cited. There is the case of the English publishing firm which achieved a temporary sale for a book called "Parsons and Pagans" by privately informing (per post) every clergyman in England that he had been personally libeled in it: "See Chapter III, pages 15-16." When called to account, the perpetrator of this scheme had the immitigable cheek to refer to it as "an American form of advertising." A concern in New York advertises to write and post intimate letters from foreign parts to clients who wish to plume themselves among their neighbors upon having friends scattered about Europe, Asia, and Africa. It takes some skill in guessing to make out that: "Wanted: A badly freckled young woman, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two," is the appeal from a skin-lotion concern for a "before using" exhibit; or that the business opportunity offered to "a venerable-looking physician, preferably with a white beard," comes from a quack firm desiring a "confidence inspirer," whose photograph and M.D. degree can be used in its circulars and advertising matter. A New York church holds out this inducement, none too complimentary to its pastor's preaching abilities: "Attractive music; short sermons." But perhaps the most singular bit of advertising that the writer has ever encountered is the following appeal from a trade paper published in Baltimore: "The owner of this space is a sinner; he has found a Saviour; he is now a Saved Sinner. . . . If you want to talk about personal salvation, address Saved Sinner, this office."

There is no route map of success in advertising. The most experienced practitioner can not tell what will be successful, and what a failure. Like a play's, an advertisement's sole and final test is public presentation. Sometimes it happens, as in the cited instance of the man who had to have work, that the tyro will hit the bull's-eye. The writer and designer of the inimitable "Spotless Town" series, which not only sold Sapollo enormously, but incidentally brightened life for a few million people, was a youth fresh from college. A quiet, commonplace, and lonely Colorado stockman once inserted in half a dozen publications a "Wife Wanted" advertisement, which rose to such sun-kissed heights of self-description that for two weeks he received his mail in barrels, while the local postmaster, dancing with fury amid a blizzard of scented letters, swore that he would kill the advertiser on sight. No one had much faith at first in the Victor talking machine's design, "His Mas-

ter's Voice"; yet the phrase has become a household word, and the quaint little fox-terrier at attention before the megaphone-horn is familiar to more Americans than any of the world's great masterpieces. Caricature has set the final seal of success upon it. "His Master's Breath" having attained a wide vogue through its amusing mock fidelity to the original. "Smiling Joe," one of the most skilful appeals to charitable sentiment ever made, as well as a genuinely charming and attractive "display," was the work of an expert in charity work, who had no technical interest whatever in advertising.

Nevertheless, nine times out of ten, the man who thinks, dreams, and lives "ads" is the man whose work tells. He sells the goods. In the recent pronouncement of an advertising firm, which is at present advertising itself widely, occurs the following passage:

"We live surrounded by the advertisement. There is no hour of waking life in which we are not besought, incited, or commanded to buy something of somebody. To the range of advertising there is no apparent limit, and where all are tooting the loud bazoo, the problem of any one to make himself heard is no slight one."

"Good copy is simply good salesmanship. It has little to do with phrasing—little to do with display. . . . It is not literary work—this ad-writing."

The exact reverse is true. Ad-writing is, in its best development, literature of the most expert and technical, though not of the highest, type, and no one knows the fact better than the author of the admirably compact essay from which the excerpt is taken. In any extensive advertising campaign, letters of the alphabet are more expensive than pearls, and words than diamonds. The composer of a "national" advertisement is dealing with words which cost his principal at the very least one hundred dollars apiece; very possibly ten thousand dollars each. It behooves him to say the very most that can be said, to say it with the highest degree of explicitness, to give to it the quality that adheres to memory, to make it appeal, to make it arrest, to make it convince, and all within the briefest possible compass. If that isn't literary work, I don't know what is. To a certain man having this quality highly developed a salary equal to

that of the President of the United States is paid. He earns it. Few men in the "legitimate" arena of literature earn or make more. Few do their "stunt" so well.

Where all are tooting the loud bazoo, the problem of any one to make himself heard is no slight one. He must contrive something new and strange to attract attention. Hence, the "teaser." A "teaser" is a display designed to arouse public curiosity and prepare it for what is coming. The single word "Pegamoid" spread like a weed through all the street-cars of New York a decade ago and then vanished. That was a "teaser" which was never followed up adequately; for I have found no one, outside of the firm which put out the "ad," who could tell me what Pegamoid was. As a matter of fact, it was a leather substitute. Recently a swarm of advertising bees descended upon the public hoardings, together with the announcement: "Bees are coming." This—not too appropriately, as it seems to me—indicated playing-cards. The effect of mystery was achieved recently in placards displaying unattached human hands and strange, dim designs, with the legend: "There are surprises coming." The "surprises" were the "follow-up ads" of Twenty-Mule-Team Borax. More effective still was a series of "teasers" beginning with: "McHenry is Coming. Born 1812." On the day of its appearance the agency which put it out was kept busy at the 'phone answering people who wanted bets decided as to whether "McHenry"

was a shaving-soap, a new kind of motor-craft, or a whisky. Doubtless the success of this exploitation was due as much to the quaint illustrations as to the text. It is an axiom of the trade that an illustration, while directly related to the article vended, should be almost meaningless until the text is read.

Omega Oil's really decorative posters of the goose-herd failed of their purpose because they were unrelated to the goods advertised and drew attention away from rather than to them. "Spearmint Gum's" advertising, now running, in which all the figures are made up of little spears, fulfills the requirements of this theory. Text-matter, too, must be "close to the goods," and must hold the attention to them. What is there in the "Mogul Cigarette's" parodies of Poe's "Raven" to suggest inherently tobacco rather than tombstones?

On the other hand, the famous "See that Hump?" jingles of the "De Long Hook and Eye," amusing as they were, never for an instant wandered from the point, and one can not think of the verses without also remembering the article. These contributions to the gaiety of nations have disappeared because they did their work so well that the De Long device has about seven-eighths of all the trade there is.

#### The Catch-Line Wins

**S**ENSATIONALISM will often gain the end. The Quaker Oats Company is now heralding "The Foods Shot from Guns." At first sight, the advantages of food shot from guns over food which, for instance, had fallen off a skyscraper, aren't obvious. But at least the attention is arrested; held up, as it were, at the point of the weapon, which is one kind of advertising. If the advertiser can hitch his wagon to the star of popular, though perhaps temporary, interest, he may "make a hit." Hence the outbreak, some years since, of Dewey Cigars and Hobson Chewing-Gum; and, in this present time of trust enroachment and trust unpopularity, the appearance of the catch-line, appended to sundry articles: "Not made by the Trust"; or, "Outside the Trust." Inevitably the struggle to make an impression produces some weird results, as when an advertising expert named Cooper coins, to describe his "Unique, Breezy Little Ads," the verbal curio "Cooperosities," which, however "unique," is about as "breezy" as a safe-deposit vault.

As a rule, the advertiser plays fair. His copy and his designs are his own, though ethics of the business do not forbid his taking advantage of some opening left by a competitor. There is a legend to the effect that some years ago every other step in a long flight leading up to a public bridge was inscribed: "Good Morning, Have You Used Pear's Soap?" whereupon a rival firm adorned each intervening space with the retort discourteous: "No; but I've Used Plum's. Good Evening!" Stress laid upon the virtues of imported goods, together with the enthusiastically exploited fact that Emperor William recently ordered a certain American musical instrument, inspired White Rock with an enlivening bit of satire for street-car and publication use.

Advertising is more than advertising. Even were "ads" not essential as revenue producers to the newspapers, they would be highly important as news. For in them is found matter of daily information which can not be obtained elsewhere. For example, the stranger, coming to the city, wants to know what amusements are available. To him the baseball and theatrical announcements are news. The housewife wishes to know what particular bargains are offered for the day or week. To her the department store space fairly teems with news, often news that she reads exhaustively before going back to the first page to discover that Japan has found a new *casus belli* under the bed or that Mrs. Paresis Blubb's pet monkey was robbed of its diamond necklace on Riverside Drive yesterday.

Some years ago the New York "Commercial Advertiser" became involved in a quarrel with the Theatrical Trust, arising from the trust's attempt to dictate its criticism of plays. Thereupon all the play advertisements were withdrawn. A friend, condoling with the publisher, said: "The loss of all those ads must make quite a deficiency." "Pshaw!" said the publisher, "the seventy dollars or eighty dollars a week doesn't matter."



What worries us is the loss of circulation. People nowadays want all the news, and that's part of it."

By force of importance or novelty an advertisement may become the news of the day. When the New York "Ledger" was wavering on the brink of failure, Robert Bonner, the proprietor, sent to the New York "Herald" a brief advertisement, to be set up in a single line. So Greeleyesque was Mr. Bonner's handwriting that the advertising manager interpreted the directions as ordering that the copy be run in full page, which instructions he obeyed, though marveling greatly. The "Herald" came out the next morning with one whole page devoted to the crisp adjuration to read the "Ledger's" new story. The effect upon Mr. Bonner was almost fatal, first from chagrin at the thought of the possible bill, then from amazement as subscriptions began to pour in, and finally from satisfaction, as they continued to flood the office, until the fortune of the publication was made. The novel, though accidental, device had struck the public fancy. Mr. Bonner was hailed as the pioneer of a new and daring theory of exploitation, and the advertisement gained tenfold currency by being commented upon as a feature of the news. Only two years ago Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's brilliant stock pronouncements, though published as advertisements, were quoted as news because their effect upon the market was such that they could not be omitted from any comprehensive consideration of the day's financial history.

Aside from news worth, there is a distinct entertainment value in the best of advertising. Think how much duller your ride to business would be if the car hoardings were blank, instead of being filled with color and print. They are decent and companionable myths, these folk of Ad-land; the smiling chef of Cream of Wheat, the frolicsome Gold-Dust Twins, the gaily youthful, toothful Sozodont girl, the round-eyed chubs who fatten to bursting on Campbell's Soups, and the hale old Friend of Quaker Oats. Whether or not I buy my clothes of Rogers, Peet & Co., I find equal enjoyment in their sprightly little newspaper ads, to which I frequently turn with relief when the news of the day chances to be dull and stodgy. The man who confines himself to the "reading matter" of a modern, high-class magazine is getting only part of what he pays for. The best experts of the day are striving, in a hundred phases of endeavor, to find something that will attract and amuse him, and he flings their work into the scrap-basket without so much as looking to see whether it hasn't something to say to him. To cite one instance, when the "Old Dr. Goose" advertisements of sincerity clothing were running, I used to look for them with avidity, because of the

intimate hand-on-your-shoulder, finger-in-your-buttonhole style of talk, although I was in no manner interested in the goods offered. Even the illustrations for the advertisements are not inferior to those of the fiction or articles, being, in many cases, the picked work of the same artists. Kipling, on receiving a batch of magazines from a friend who had torn out the back pages, to save postage, wrote:

"Next time you keep the front part and send me the ads. I can write stories myself."

So in a sense, the ad-man is a public entertainer, only too eager to do his share toward the world's enjoyment, gratis. Says that prince of unconscious quacks, Clem Sypher, in Mr. Locke's "Simple Septimus": "Have you ever thought what anxious thought, what consummate knowledge of human nature, what dearly bought experience, go to the making of an ad? You'll go miles out of your way to see a picture or a piece of sculpture that hasn't cost a man half the trouble and money to produce, and you'll not look at an advertisement, though it is put before your eyes a dozen times a day." There is the lament of genius, all unappreciated. Here is its lyric rapture, quoted from a leading exponent of the "Art of Universal Salesmanship":

"It's the greatest business in the world. From our desks we sway millions. We change the currents of trade. We populate new empires, build up new industries, and create customs and fashions. We dictate the food that the baby shall eat, the clothes the mother shall wear, the way in which the home shall be furnished. We are clothed with no authority. Our very names are unknown. But there is scarcely a home, in city or hamlet, where some human being is not doing what we demand. The good advertising man comes pretty close to being an absolute czar."

Truly, the ad-man runs the whole gamut of human emotions and attributes. Ambition, cupidity, dishonesty, fear, the social instinct, envy, superstition, prejudice, affection and loyalty, prurency, and charity; each of these is a key for the skilled psychologist of print to play upon. Ambition, as exemplified in the encouraging,

"You can double your present salary"; cupidity, in the "Free" advertisements, something for nothing; dishonesty, in the marked cards, loaded dice, and counterfeit money offers; fear, in the threat of the quack, "That Burning Pain Means CANCER"; the social instinct, in the recipe of the etiquette-book, "How to be a Lady, by Mail"; envy, in the temptation of the instalment diamond vender, "Outshine Your Neighbor"; superstition, in the claims of the clairvoyants and soothsayers which fill the Sunday papers; sectional prejudices, in the rallying cry of the real-estate faker through the religious press of the South, "Get Some Yankee Money"; affection and loyalty, in the warning of the life insurance company, that you must provide for your loved ones while yet there is time; prurency, in the leer of the "secret" or sexual book lure; and charity, in "Smiling Joe's" brave appeal for help to thousands more helpless than himself. These are the elements out of which greater men have made the world's tragedies and comedies, turned here to the needs of business.

Pleasant, indeed, would it be to conclude with the statement that, in advertising, honesty is the best policy. Unhappily it isn't true. But for the talent of the advertising man the two most profitable extant phases of swindling would quickly die out, and we should escape the deadly medical quackery and save our earnings from the wildest stock schemer. True, there are advertising men, just as there are advertising mediums, who eschew this phase of the business; but there are more who make no distinctions. And, in itself, advertising takes no account of the article to be exploited, except as to its salability. Advertising has a thousand principles, one purpose, and no morals. That it should have morals is inhibited by its purpose, which is salesmanship. The ad that sells something is a good ad. The ad that does not sell is a bad ad. Advertising is art, it is literature, it is invention. But it is not humanitarianism nor altruism. Failure is its one cardinal sin, and success the all-sufficient justification of the means by the end.



A Masterpiece of Publicity. The picture that raised \$250,000



"If we flee to the country for a day's communion with nature, we find sermons in stones and books in the running brooks"

## Swimming

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

HERE are swimmers that have swum in pools and rivers and the ocean in many portions of the globe. They are fortunate. For they have been able to add diversity to one of the supreme outdoor pleasures. But the Atlantic Coast alone, with the inland strip thrown in for good measure, gives opportunity enough for varied kinds of shocks and reactions.

The autobiography of one who swims with no expert strokes and no diving skill, but just straight on for a mile or so—a commonplace swimmer, such as any one may become—such a life-record of modest achievement ought to be of inspiration and service to a race of water-lovers, who live, every man of them, at the brink or entirely hemmed in by water.

The east end of Long Island was an excellent place to learn—in Peconic Bay, an arm of the Atlantic. If you once get a taste of the salt, fresh water is never the same thing. The only way then to make fresh water seem lively and worth while is to take it cold, where the shock makes up for the lessened buoyancy.

An admirable time and place for that sort of plunge is the early spring, on a week's walk up the left bank of the Hudson. The brooks that run wild down the hillsides a few miles west of the river dam up behind a boulder once in a while, and give a five-foot depth.

The ocean is attractive anywhere, and there is no choice between the New Jersey ocean-bathing and that

at Coney Island and Rockaway. But you feel the change when you try the Maine coast in late September with the water at 54° to 57°. From Portsmouth, New Hampshire, through York Harbor up to Portland, at Old Orchard Beach and out at the Point, the bathing is keen and reviving after a long summer in the great city. Most of the bathers in those brisk fall days sit shivering on the shore. The water looks cold till you are once inside it, and there is no surer way of finding it too cold to go in than to sit on the beach looking at it.

Among personal adventures, the briskest swimming I ever had was in the Bay of Fundy. The water is gaspingly chilly and the salt infusion strong. There are few experiences more vivid than to walk all day down the west coast of Nova Scotia and then to leap into that green-tinted water just before the turn of the tide.

Before Martin Sheridan became the world's best discus-thrower and New York's favorite policeman, he ran Pelham Bay Park, which lies, fronting Long Island Sound, a few miles to the north of the Harlem River. He used to open up each winter morning by a swift run into the water from his room and then a couple of hundred yards of rapid-fire swimming in the water which wasn't quite frozen. He used to say that by March the water began to feel tepid, and before April was done he could get no proper reaction. But he was a colossal man, and the average citizen of the Eastern States will find June and July water none too enervating for an hour's pleasure.

And now they are spoiling Clason Point by making it easy to reach and attractive to lazy people when you get there. But in the good old days it was the resort of just a few water-worshippers, who came to swim and that only. Sunday was the great day, and you would see a succession of clean-cut plunges from the thirty-foot frame at the head of the pier, and long-distance endurance swimmers out into the middle of the current.

The man who is really a swimmer, and would rather do a thing than lament its absence, can get winter-swimming that will keep him sound and free from colds in almost any city of one hundred thousand inhabitants in almost any country of the world. The solution is the club pool, the Y. M. C. A. pool, or the Turkish bath. These resorts have been so largely used by men of rotund form and lazy habits, and by revelers recovering from Saturday night, that they convey the impression of a secret society of fat men. But their wise use is entirely possible to any person with a salary of ten dollars a week or over. The sixty-foot pool only needs to be traversed twenty times for the swimmer to score a quarter mile to his credit. It isn't the same joy as the ocean under a clear sky. The splashes of fat bunglers shut inside the same marble compartment are more objectionable than when you can beat out to open sea while they gulp in waves at the margin of the Atlantic Coast. But the exercise and the reaction are there in pleasant measure, accessible to all whose eye is fixed on the blue summer water of the open bay, but most of whose life is spent indoors in routine.

Doubtless there is swimming to be had up around the North Pole, and certainly there must be good floating, drowsing the long tides idle, where the supposititious equator belts our little world. Perhaps some day it will be granted us to try one or the other, and round out a life of swimming with some daring or luxurious extreme. Meantime let every one fall to on what is actually on hand, his little pond or brook or strip of the sea, and each year gain a wider area of time—no longer letting June and September go wasted. Then May and October will be taken over into the days that count—with always the bright goal of a Martin Sheridan in the mind's eye, when all seasons shall be alike to the hardy swimmer, master of every stroke.





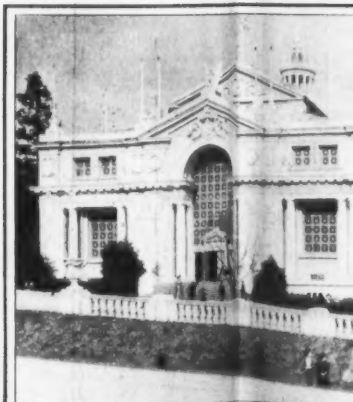
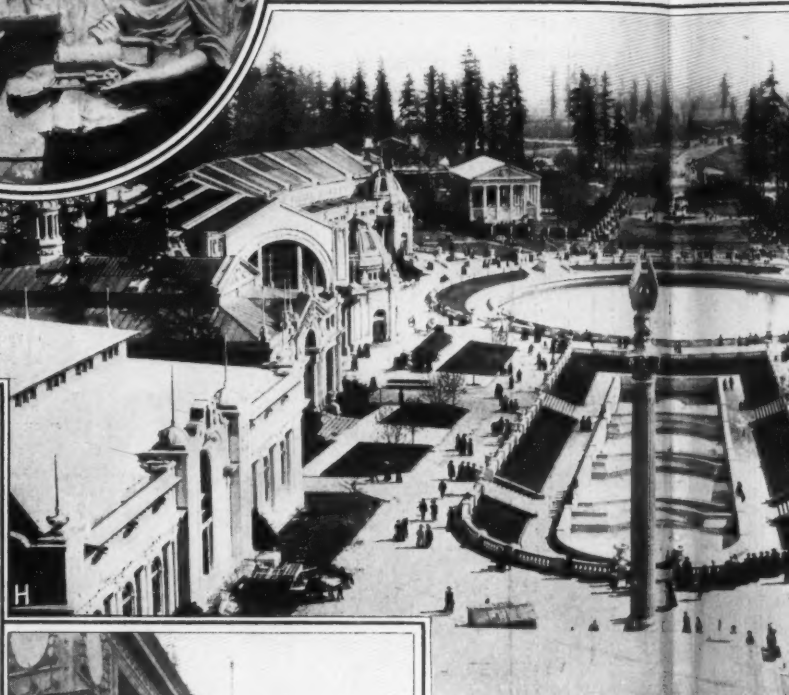
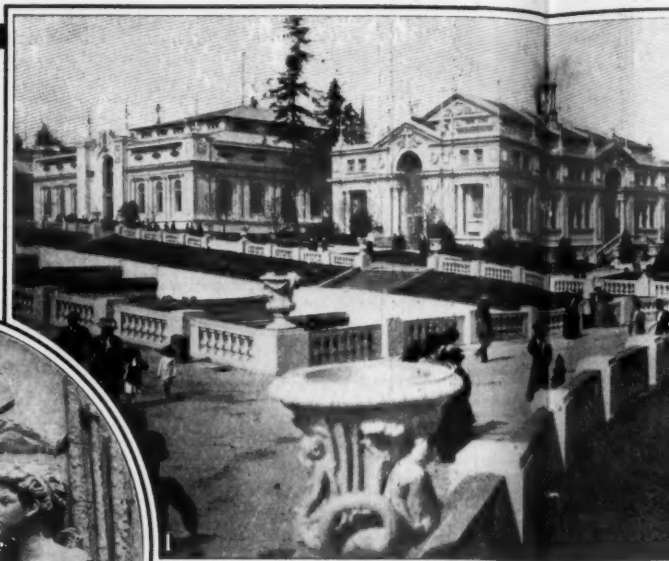
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WASHINGTON

## Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

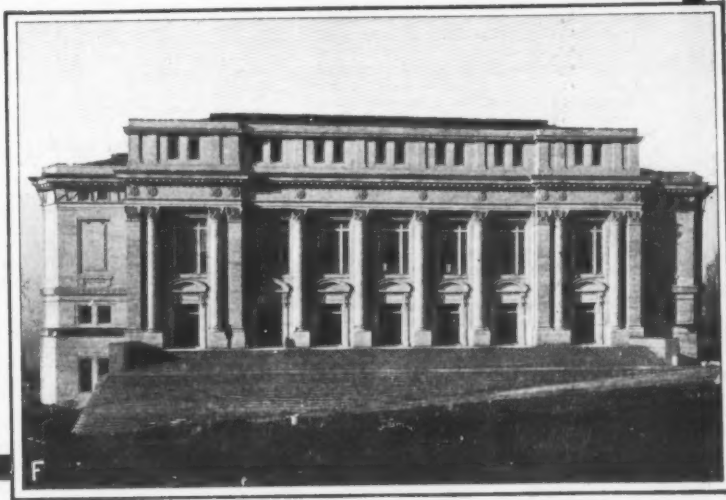
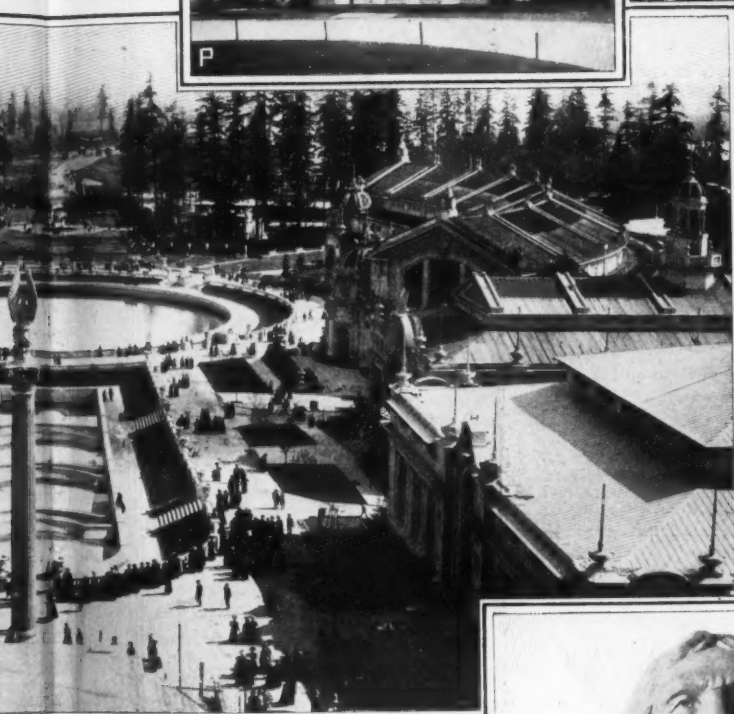
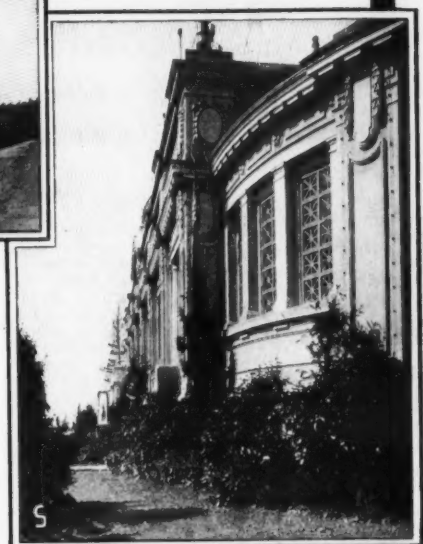
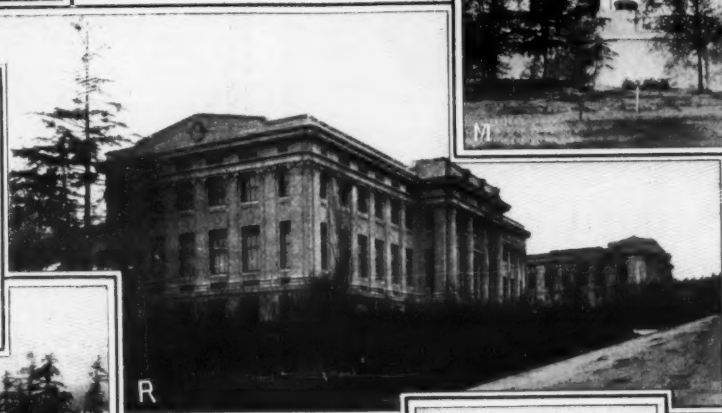
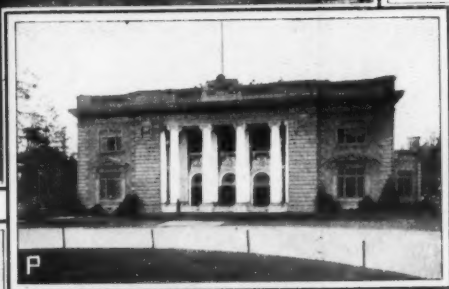
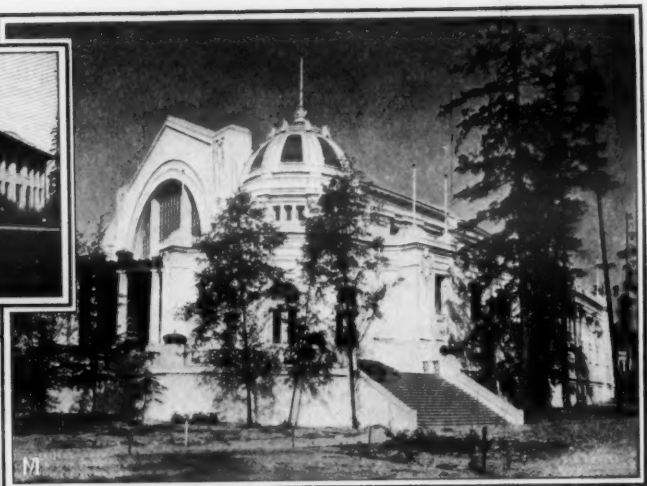
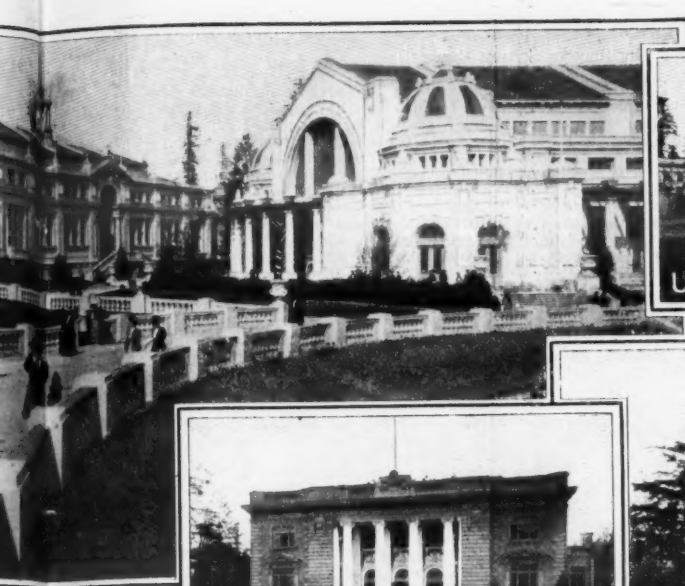
*Ten Weeks Before the Opening*

- A—Chief Seattle, whose name Seattle bears.
- B—Manufactures Building.
- C—Official design in sculpture.
- D—California Building.
- E—Hawaiian Building, Government group.
- F—Auditorium, permanent structure.
- G—Looking down the Court of Honor.
- H—The Court of Honor.
- I—Gardens, cascades and geyser basin.
- J—Scene along the Court of Honor.
- K—Copses of rhododendrons and firs.
- L—Main court of the Government Building.
- M—Side-end view, Manufactures Building.
- N—The Forestry Building.
- O—European and Alaska Buildings.
- P—Washington State Building.
- Q—Music pavilion in the firs.
- R—Palace of Fine Arts, fire-proof.
- S—Foreign Building.
- T—Statue, "Spirit of the North."
- U—Machinery Hall, permanent structure.
- V—Lake Washington, from Fair Grounds.

JUNE 1 to  
OCTOBER 16  
1909









A knot of undergraduates went by

## His Second Senior Class Day

The Return of a Father to the House Outside the Campus

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Illustrated by FRANK SNAPP

A THE train drew near the city, Mr. Devine actually laid aside his paper unfinished, and from a casual observation of some passing landmark gave his whole attention to the moving scene outside the car window.

"There are the falls," he commented to himself. "H-m, that used to be the last station but one; and the old crossing—but they've filled up the pond. Must be getting pretty near."

He glanced at his watch and fell to thinking with characteristic energy what he should say to his son—which, equally characteristically, he had

avoided doing until now. He never wasted more time upon any business transaction than was necessary for its successful handling, and Howard and Howard's affairs, including whatever foolishness he might now have got into his head, were merely his next most pressing piece of business—certainly the business nearest his heart, but which he could have done nothing to advance by fussing over all the way between Chicago and X—. He had, in fact, done no fussing at all since he had read his son's letter, but he had not been unaware of a slight, subconscious anxiety, like an undercurrent, through all his business hurry since. And he had had to hurry, beyond the usual quick despatch of business, to enable him to snatch this rare holiday for even such an important event as his son's senior class day and commencement.

### HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

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he put the letter in his pocket and promptly dismissed the matter (save for the subconsciousness), to be dealt with on the ground when face to face with his son. That this meeting was now imminent, another glance out of the car window assured him. He had not yet decided what to say, but—well, he was not going to have the boy's future spoiled by one of the girls he remembered only too well, and who, doubtless, had continued her line of succession—the very kind of girl to play havoc with an inexperienced Western youth. A mass of white marble here hurled arrogantly by the window.

"Must be the new court-house—quite a structure—and just where we used to go chestnutting," muttered the traveler, then leaned eagerly forward. "By Jove!—there's the old hill!—and the old church-spire!" A curious look came into the eyes trained to impassiveness. He stood up, like all the passengers, from sheer force of habit, and began to worry down the suit-case from the rack, after the manner of all uneasy Americans, never waiting to arrive before arriving. But that done, he continued, standing, to gaze with an eager intentness at the piled-up banks, crowned with trees and houses, through which the train hurried, under a street bridge, around a curve, and finally into a long and dim station, and it was not primarily the meeting with his son which caused his firm hand to tremble slightly as it grasped the boy's a moment later outside. Not lightly may a man step backward thirty years. The first glance he gave at his son assured him of one thing, however; it was "the boy" no longer; the second thrilled him with instinctive pride and pleasure in the tall, sturdy young fellow beside him.

"Not much wrong there," he thought, with anxious reassurance, precisely because the chap looked suspiciously, exuberantly well.

With an almost suspicious energy, too, Howard had seized upon his father and his father's belongings and was piloting both toward a cab when his father stopped him.

"If you don't mind, Howard, I'd like to walk—get unstiffened and my bearings at the same time."

His son looked astonished. In his acquaintance with him his father never



Never waiting to arrive before arriving

had time to walk; an automobile run to the speed limit and, when discreetly practicable, over, was his pace.

"Why, of course," he said. "It's only ten minutes; you'll find it's the same old town still," he added patronizingly. Receiving no reply, he glanced at his companion, and it was vaguely brought home to him that he was on the eye of surprises; there was an expression on his father's face new to him as he glanced about the square with its impossible monument.

"Same old spot we used to hold our Memorial Day orations," he murmured. "And look here, Howard! I was in the mob of torchlighters when Blaine came out on that old City Hall pedestal and addressed us. By George! I can see it all now."

The young man watched with the indulgent amusement of youth the changes in his father's face, and it changed many times during the walk.

"The dear old boy must have cared a lot," he thought with sympathy; and was quite unaware that a year

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### HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

It was a day they had looked forward to for years—ever since he had entered the boy (a little reluctant, for were not Harvard and Yale more sounding names?) at his own university, using—he never told Howard how much—of his gilded substance to secure the very same old dormitory which he had occupied in his student years. On that point of the university he had shown a singular obstinacy.

"Yale or Harvard after, for any special course you like," he had said, "and Europe after that; I don't propose to stint you in anything, but I've set my heart on my only son taking his degree where his father and his grandfather did before him. It's a good university—and our native town. The accident of your being born and brought up out West" (like all Middle Westerners he spoke of Chicago as "West") "alters nothing. A little pure New England won't hurt you, and you'll get it double distilled in X—. It hasn't changed any." Here the speaker had smiled a trifle grimly, for if he loved the place with an ancestral weakness, he also privately despised it as a "back number." His son—also privately—thought this might be other than a recommendation, but he yielded with a good grace. What are a few years to youth, with its certain hold upon immortality?

"It's a wonder to me you never go back for class reunions," he once remarked during a vacation as they sat talking college in the library over their cigars; and his father had answered with a shrug:

"Oh, either there's a flurry on the market, or a big case on hand, or your mother wanting to sail for Europe just then. We'll come to your class day," he had added, and they had both laughed.

He was keeping the promise now, though alone, and thought with a moment's grave regret of his wife—how much the day would have meant to her. He could not have failed to come if only on her account, and he would not willingly have done so on his own; but Howard had triple-clinched the certainty with that last letter of his—a very bombshell of a letter to wind up a four years' course in which the boy had run up no debts, got into no scrapes, and done, on the whole, very decently in his classes. The work had

always been the very least consideration in Mr. Devine's eyes, New Englander though he was; he had seen too much of the world to think much of a college preparation for it; what he had valued for his son were the "associations."

And now he was suddenly and coolly informed that his son had enough of college—that he did not want to go to Europe, but was bent, instead, on going straight into one of the big paternal machine shops after a brief holiday (presumably to recruit from the exhaustions of scholarship), and he had presented at least six good reasons for taking this holiday, of all the places in the world, at Ogunquitt. Having sent his son back to a New England nurture, this should have been to Mr. Devine grateful evidence of his accurate intuitions; instead of which he had frowned heavily on reading the ingenious presentation and boiled the six reasons briefly down into one, which he as briefly enunciated—"Girl!" as



He leaned over and gathered one—a little white blossom

### HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

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ago he would not have been sympathetic at all. He supposed now that their mutual fondness came back to ancestral feelings; after all, this was what they had really come out of, and that always counted; he knew such a lot of people out West who had never come out of anything. Still, he was used to seeing his father—a contained, rather caustic, man, with a keen brain for business, which still had kept its intellectual edge—moved by quite other than ancestral matters, if at all. Moreover, he had his own reasons for watching the pater very closely just now.

Seen so, the two were curiously like, yet unlike enough to mark one of those American transitions due to geographical influences. At fifty the father was still young, a fact which his gray hairs only handsomely emphasized, and the New England lines were rather rounded out than obliterated by Western contacts. The son suggested a youth who had come to manhood under larger conditions; he was taller, ampler, and more richly colored, with a wider, less intense, gaze. One guessed that much had come to him as birthright which the elder had achieved.

All the way to the hotel the elder man continued quietly to note inconspicuous landmarks along the narrow streets, but they seemed to interest him abnormally.

"Actually got a trolley line up the hill," he frowned and smiled. "I remember how they talked about it ten years, while we were laying the whole West with lines; wonder if they've got a transfer service yet."

"Oh, yes," Howard replied, laughing; "but it's still esteemed a daring innovation; they are talking of letter-boxes on the cars."

"There's the old chop-house—I dare say you've sampled it?" He looked

with twinkling eyes at his son and his son twinkled back.

"I dare say I have."

"And—upon my word!—there's old Ripton walking up the street exactly as he used to at this hour—fifty, a hundred years ago." He smiled delightedly. "Well, well! I've been told if I came back I'd find the same people doing the same thing at the same hour—but I didn't believe it. The West takes that out of me. Ah, there's the old library! In my day that was the haunt of all the pretty girls; immensely studious lot they were, but always on this side of the building—college side; we used to wonder what they kept on the shelves on the other side." The little chuckle with which he said this died suddenly as he glanced up at his son for an answering smile; the young man was looking distinctly embarrassed, and an awkward silence succeeded.

It was a relief to both that the hotel obligingly broke it, obtruding its brand-new bulk.

"You'd like me to wait for you, wouldn't you, father?" the young



People sat on their doorstep

man asked courteously, yet he fidgeted visibly as he asked.

The elder man looked up; already his thoughts had wandered.

"No; if you don't mind, I'll come up



## HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

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a little later; you must have plenty to attend to at your rooms, and the fact is, I've a little business of my own."

His son opened his eyes wide. "Business!—in this town! You are not thinking of buying a cotton-mill, are you?"

The elder man laughed good-naturedly.

"Never mind what I'm going to buy; go and look after your spread. I'll turn up presently."

"All right"—there was a suspicious alacrity in the assent; "I'd like to make sure Prendergast doesn't forget the ice or something—but you won't be late?" He turned at the door to add mischievously: "Sure you know the way?"

"Considering I tramped hollows in it before you were born—yes," retorted his father. "Trot along, you only have one senior class day!"

Apparently the reminder had been heeded, if needed; the elder man, listening, heard him take the stairs in two plunges, and smiled with grim sympathy. No; one had only one senior class day! Left to himself, he made a very accurate toilet and descended the stairs with due dignity; nobody could have conceived how near his son's, for once, was the heart under the dignified exterior. One had but one senior class day!

Outside of the hotel he turned deliberately away from the college, and as deliberately chose a street that led away from the business districts; evidently his business was of a particular nature. It was June, growing into an early dusk, and the city of elms and lawns was busy concealing in that green cloak a multitude of sins. As he walked, the quaint beauty of the place struck him, although quaintness was the last virtue the ambitious manufacturing town pretended to or would have been grateful for. It saw itself as an important metropolis; it looked, to the outsider, a peaceful, innocent New England scholastic town; and it was a corrupt little plutocracy, with a social scale nicely adjusted to the number of spindles in its mills. Moreover, it was a bigoted and sectarian little city, and, by a natural compensation for its bigotry and slowness, its university was known for a very automobile among universities in the matter of pace; yet in it the man who knew both the golden West and Harvard had elected to imitate his only son.

And he knew no repentance even yet; rather the atmosphere of the place was working like yeast within him, and feelings, dormant for thirty years, were rising in the ferment of spirit. The farther he got away from the college, the nearer he felt to it, and he continued, without a mistake of a turning, straight toward the goal of a desire which had suddenly stirred into being with his thoughtless little jest about the library, and grown instantly to an overmastering impulse.

It was not far—nothing was far in this town; the man from Chicago had the sense of a toy village with toy streets of an almost impossible steepness, every one of them heavily roofed over with elms or maple. The queer old wooden houses sat primly in their detached gardens; many of them still had the old-time dignity of secluding fences—wood or iron; a few only of the more pretentious had cast this decency away, obeying the modern tendency to live on the sidewalk. And it was June—June with the apple trees still in late blossom, and the pregnant promise of the hot, thick New England summer close at hand, all unlike the keen torridity of the West.

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## HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

"How long ago did I walk here?" the Western man asked himself with amusement. To play that it all amused him was a way of keeping the incident in its place, a measure of self-respect, and he played it diligently at intervals, for in his heart he was sharply aware of a growing sensation—something which gripped him like a physical pain—or was it a pleasure? He walked on up the street (for now he was on the street), going very slowly past remembered spots. Part of the way was parked and there were benches; how many summer evenings like this he had spent on one of them trying to solve the problem—to call or not to call? Some of his fellows had no such scruples; they called seven nights in succession; but he had had even in his youth a strain of that dignity or caution which had stood him in such good stead since; he had never liked to cheapen himself; three or four times a week, as he remembered it, had been about his limit. He smiled again—with amusement, of course. And now as he drew near a certain stretch of elm-shaded walk he walked slower yet. About here, he told himself with a smile now positively cynical, his heart had always begun to beat faster. Would she—being June, and a night like this—be out on her doorstep or not? In those days people sat on their doorsteps. And would there be any one with her—or not? There was the house-garden—for a moment a positive clutch assailed him. He found himself deliberately thanking heaven there was no one on the steps; but he made that all right with himself by the increased cynicism of his laugh. Of course, no one would be there!—even thirty years ago—they would all be at the campus. In the shadow of the nearest tree he stopped and leaned deliberately on the top of the gate—it was the same old gate, he felt sure; he touched the latch with his fingers—it had the same old squeak. And then for a moment he stopped laughing and lost all regard for his own opinion.

*Tempi passati! O tempi passati!* Oh, days of youth! Oh, dream of youth! When in the thirty years of his life since had he felt what he used to feel in that little dooryard! There were roses growing against the fence; there had been roses then. Casting a



quick look about the deserted street, he leaned over and gathered one—a little white blossom—and, taking from his pocket a massive leather book, laid it away among his business papers. They dealt with big money affairs—those papers. At that moment, all put together, they were not worth to him what the little rose had stood for. *Tempi passati!* Oh, days of youth! "Youthful sentiment," he would have said yesterday—but that was before he had stood here, where all at once things which had been dreams, rarely recalled for years, became realities

## HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

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again. Realities! Had there been any other realities in life half so real? He had lived a full man's life, full of stir and energy and enterprise, a self-respecting life, and been largely successful even by the American standard. There was nothing particularly to regret or be ashamed of; but how far, seen now, it had been from the life he dreamed of in those days, those good days of his youth!

It had been a fast little college town even then; there had been plenty of things that had better not have happened even in a fast little college town; but somehow this house, the associations which surrounded it, the influences it shed, all that it stood for and that emanated from it, had sweetened and cleansed the whole for him. He had been a better man in that fast little college town than he had ever been since. Nobody else might know it—but he knew it himself. He had been capable of things then he had never been capable of again. And all because of what? He acknowledged to himself now that all his obstinate insistence in sending Howard here had been due to this one thing. He had seen, unconsciously, his whole college life in the light of that association. It was for this—for the sake of something missed out West—missed everywhere since; and he had never reflected that *this* might not come the boy's way. He had never even consciously desired it; he had other and definite plans for Howard; he had never even realized that the light which illuminated the college streamed directly from these doorsteps. And

that light he might have kept always by him; he had never had any doubt about that—he had always *known*. If she had not been wholly in love with him, she had been, like other girls, in love with love; half the effort he had wasted since on worthless things would have made her in love with him. He knew the very moment when



The old campus

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## HIS SECOND SENIOR CLASS DAY

she had trembled on the verge—when they had both trembled on the verge; the very spot beneath the trees, on their walk home on his class-night, when in the softened tenderness of gathered memories, and touched with youth's first tragedy of parting, he should have spoken. For he was going to Europe and then to Harvard to please his father, exactly as he had planned that his son should go to Europe and then to Harvard to please him. They had corresponded; he had seen her, off and on, through the Harvard years, and always he meant to speak one day; then came his years on the plains and in Chicago. He was older, more cautious; it seemed better to establish himself first. The business instinct which had made him a success engrossed him; letters grew fewer, visits rarer—and then—he had heard of her marriage. And he had not forgotten yet how he had felt when he heard. The daughter of a college professor, she had fulfilled her natural destiny and married the young professor of Greek and archeology—a man of his own class, a tall, slender boy, who even in those days had the scholar's lamp burning in his eyes, and had been conspicuously absent from all those walks and talks, those evenings and years. From time to time some chance word had drifted his way—of them in Greece on Sabbatical years—and then the man had written books—works on archeology. He had every reason to suppose it had been a happy, suitable marriage, like his own. He had always considered his own as happy. His wife had been a handsome, successful woman; they had been very comfortable together—and there had been the boy. Moreover, he had made her happy. He had nothing to reproach himself with on that score; but neither did he reproach himself with unfaithfulness to her memory as he stood there by the little gate. All his reproaches were for something utterly different. As he remembered the boy who sat there summer evenings—the boy who used to thrill at so many things—forgotten stir of finer feeling, the meeting touch of finger-tips (never in the world had he touched her lips, nor even held her hand; it was part of the perfection of his dream that that would have been impossible), he wondered what that boy might have

been if he had carried the dream through his life—a reality. Would it have been possible? Probably not, thought the man with a shrug.

A knot of undergraduates went by on the other side of the street, hurrying toward the campus, and as they went they sang from sheer exuberance of youth.

"Good night. Good night, beloved!" their voices came floating back on the quiet air.

Good heavens! Did they sing that still? How many nights had they not sung that under the windows of how many girls! He had a voice in those days—Howard had it now. And on that night they had sung till after midnight on the campus and till after dawn through the streets; they had sung "Good night!" to everybody's beloved, and then he had stolen around and sung it all alone to her for the last time. The last time it had proved indeed.

He straightened himself up, for more students were approaching, this time on his side of the street. After they had passed he gave one more lingering look (a last look he knew it to be this time; thirty years hence he should not come back for his grandson's class-day), hummed very softly, "Good night, beloved!" and tried to smile at his own folly, but turned away rather abruptly instead.

On the way back to the college he thought with a whimsical tenderness of his son as a sort of extension of that early self of his. He resolved that he would deal gently with the boy's foolishness—it would be enough probably merely to get him away. Time and absence, he reflected with momentary bitterness, could efface most images. Probably three months of Europe would serve to obliterate four years of X—. He resolved also to keep an observant eye upon him that evening, but to do nothing to spoil it—one has but one senior class-day. Then, with only a little less than his usual definitiveness, he dismissed the past and gave himself up to an old student's enjoyment of the present; for the college campus rose at the end of the street before him.

The old campus! What old graduate looks on it unmoved! Its elms looked no larger than they had looked thirty years ago to the magnifying

(Continued on page 24)

# A Vampire and Others

Including *Eve* and a *Young Lady with a Promising Soprano Voice*

By ARTHUR RUHL



Mr. Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was"



The music teacher, his pupil, and her two young admirers in "The Climax"

**W**HEN, as a lady is about to sail for Europe, a pale-faced young man shoots himself at her feet and she only says, "Ha! ha!" and a moment later, when the deck steward has rather ostentatiously mopped up the blood, asks him to set her steamer-chair over the still damp spot, it may safely be conjectured that she is no better than she ought to be. The Woman in Mr. Porter Emerson Browne's play, "A Fool There Was," was, in fact, very bad indeed. She was a vampire. She had driven a number of men to ruin and suicide before she met The Husband—we preserve the program's careful anonymity—and although she could scarcely have been in the first flush of her success, it can not be said that her unpleasant arts had yet begun to show any signs of decay.

She found The Husband, a handsome, healthy, altogether estimable citizen, saying good-by to The Wife and The Child as he was about to sail for Europe on an important secret mission for the President. And she left him, a year or so later, given up by family and friends, a drunken wreck, squeezed dry and dead. Then she pulled a rose from her corsage and scattered the red petals over him and went cackling away to find a new man. No doubt whatever is left in the spectator's mind about her wickedness. You can not blame the man over in the left-hand side of the orchestra who hisses as the curtain goes down.

And, of course, this is an act of consideration on Mr. Browne's and the actress's part for which all tender-minded people must be properly grateful. There are vampires, doubtless, who do not ring bells, as it were, when they come, who make virtue unattractive and vice heroic and desirable and insinuate themselves through one's better nature, so to speak. When they have completed their tragic work, the irony of it is that "it wasn't the least what the lady meant," as Mr. Kipling said.

These "inside," Ibsen-like vampires are horrid and uncomfortable. An outside, visual one like this, however, with a snaky gown, a lowering picture hat, languishing eyes, and vermilion lips—one who carries a sign, as it were, "This Way to the Vampire"—is a comfort and delight. She is like the buzz-saw which always is stopped before it decapitates the heroine, or the gunpowder keg which isn't really going to go off. Jones and Robinson can watch her and grind their teeth and say: "Gad! This is life!" and go out into Forty-second Street again as cheerful as larks, just as sophomores of a decade ago used to repeat "The Vampire" to a melancholy piano accompaniment and grow acutely and delightfully sorry for themselves for the crimes they had yet to commit.

In short, theatricalism and bathos are not necessarily at all tiresome. Anything done in earnest has a certain force, and Mr. Browne apparently is very much in earnest in his admiration of Kipling's poem and his endeavors to make a play of it. It is refreshing to see two such breezy and muscular men as Mr. Robert Hilliard and Mr. Courtenay shouting at each other as The Husband and The Friend and to hear the ladies admire his beauty when Mr. Hilliard turns his broad shoulders to the audience. Moreover, as Miss Nanette Comstock makes The Wife, after all her mental anguish, look exactly as round and plump and smiling and generally adorable in the last act as she was in the first, while The Friend stands stoutly by to offer her all the protection and consolation in a strong man's power, there are tangible reasons for optimism as one walks away. With every respect for Miss Katherine Kaelred's gifts, I was unable to imagine her with all her "Kee-ee-ees me, meh fools!" vampiring such a sensible-looking citizen as Mr. Hilliard away from—let us say—an evening paper or an oyster stew, infinitely less from the suburban rose-bower and lovely

Miss Comstock. Let us, however, bear her no ill-will for that. One's feelings should not be put to too great a strain in this cheerful spring weather.

#### A Lady Loses Her Voice

**O**F QUITE a different sort is Mr. Edward Locke's engaging little play, "The Climax." It has only four characters, the action all takes place in the same simple New York flat, and the tragedy hangs on whether or not a young lady loses her singing voice.

Adelina had come from a little Ohio town to share the dingy flat with Uncle Luigi Golfanti and his son Pietro, so that the old music-teacher could give her lessons and watch over her voice. They were very ambitious. Adelina was going to be a great opera-singer some day, and lead Uncle Luigi out in answer to the applause and say: "I owe it all to him. He was my teacher." Pietro adored Adelina, and divided his time between pleading his hopeless case and dashing to the piano and pouring out his sorrows in music. This piano should be on the program with the rest of the cast.

The difficulty was John Raymond, the young doctor. He had lived next door to Adelina, and he loved her. He was opposed to the stage and to Adelina's career, and wanted her to give it up and marry him. A slight operation had to be performed on her throat. For a week after it Adelina was not permitted to speak above a whisper. There was a bare chance that the operation would destroy her singing voice, and the desperate young doctor succeeded in convincing her by mental suggestion that this had been done. He made her use an atomizer day after day to continue the suggestion until at last the career was given up and the wedding arranged.

In the excitement of the wedding day, Adelina suddenly finds that she can sing, and the remorseful young doctor confesses his selfish deception and goes away. As the curtain falls, Pietro is playing his great song, and Adelina, really in love with the doctor at last, is singing as she never sang before. Just what happens is a trifle vague, but one infers that she has her career, or at least a good try at it, and that sooner or later she comes back to her doctor and the anchor to windward.

The little play is written with a great deal of freshness and sincerity, and an unusual understanding of the musician's enthusiasm and point of view. Mr. Albert Bruning was characteristically good as the old music-master, and Miss Leona Watson pleasing in the by no means easy task of both acting like a singer and singing like one too. Mr. William Lewers was the doctor and Mr. Effingham Pinto the unhappy Pietro—with the aid of the piano. It is a play which will please those who like to see on the stage the same sort of problems and emotions which they know every day at home.

#### When Eve Came to New York

**T**HE first appearance of Eve in Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy's drawing-room in Mr. Lee Wilson's fantasy, "The Return of Eve"—probably on the road ere this sees light—was of undoubted interest. The young lady had been brought up in a Virginia forest, completely isolated from the world. She and her brother had been taken from a foundling asylum when small children by Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy's rich uncle and immured in the Virginia Eden. When the uncle died he tactlessly left all his money to the young people, and at the opening of the play the righteously indignant niece had pulled Eve out of her Eden and brought her to New York. Here, she reasoned, her barbarous charms would assure instant social success, and Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy might, incidentally, get some of the money.

Eve had known no one but her brother, Adam, and old

Winters, a philosophical gentleman with a coon-skin cap and a long white beard. She also knew all about deer, chipmunks, porcupine, and the Unseen Ones, of whom she was much afraid. She was shaped like a goddess, as strong as a colt, bubbling over with love of light and color, and when she saw Mrs. Conybear's pearl necklace, she immediately and joyfully grabbed for it. Old Winters had apparently not gone in heavily on property rights. And she quickly and quite without malice informed the straight-fronted and firmly-corseted lady that she was pulled in in the middle like an ant and looked like a toad.

And when the charming Mr. Seymour Perchwell was presented she was no less delighted with him than he with her and joyfully cried: "Oh, I love you, Seymour!" almost as soon as she set eyes on him. Of course Mrs. Tupper-Bellamy was shocked and told the young person to leave the room—Mr. Perchwell, it might be explained, was engaged to Miss Tupper-Bellamy—but it was almost impossible to make her go. She would get as far as the door and then describe a circle back to the young man—and Miss Bertha Galland's cozy beauty and pleasing simplicity makes this part very plausible and attractive—and, "But I'd rather talk to Seymour," she would say.

Later, when the two were left alone, this really gifted philanderer endeavored to kiss Eve's hand. She wondered why this interesting novelty vaguely frightened her—she never had been afraid of Adam. Mr. Seymour gave her his orchid and explained the resemblance between its exotic beauty and lack of fragrance and the brilliant, artificial world into which she was just entering. He taught her the indispensable phrase, "It is not done," and as the curtain falls he is adding to her vocabulary the word "fascinating," which describes, he says, the mysterious world which attracts her, yet fills her with vague suspicion and dismay.

It is an interesting and promising beginning with reality and the fantastic very plausibly combined. In the next act, a year later, we find Eve in her magnificent country place near Tarrytown. It is, perhaps, a not too encouraging fact that the scene is one of those brilliant evening parties with guests passing in and out and music and dancing off stage. Eve has spent oceans of money. She has bought villas abroad, taken yachting parties to the Mediterranean, and filled her house with opera singers as if they cost no more than canary birds. She is a long way from Eden now. In other words, the bloom is off Mr. Dodd's idea, and unless he is to make good on the basis of ordinary polite comedy, the fantastic note must be held with unusual deftness and originality.

It can scarcely be said that he accomplished either task. The act was more "dramatic" than the first and also more commonplace. The third and last was even weaker. Eve, disgusted with the hypocrisy of society, returned to Eden, but found mere trees and chipmunks no longer satisfying. The result was a rather labored struggle on the author's part to inject an element of surprise and suspense into what the audience already suspected was to happen. Of course the old gentleman in the coon-skin cap informs the young people that they are not brother and sister after all, and with Eve's decision to devote herself to the poor, the hitherto unconscious lovers are brought together at last.

Symbolism and fantasy are difficult things, as everybody knows. Mr. Barrie might have maintained the note of freshness and fantasy to the end, but, as somebody said the other day, the fairies help him. Mr. Dodd is not so very many years away from Yale, and possibly he may make the acquaintance of some fairies later on. There was freshness in his idea, wit in some of the talk, and in a number of Eve's lines a genuine feeling for nature. The first-nighters didn't care for Miss Galland. I think she must have improved later on. Mr. Lester Loneragan was a graceful Perchwell, and Mr. Dodson Mitchell, of course, more than able to take care of the small part of the family lawyer. The rest of the cast scarcely did the play justice.



# Comment About Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

**U** PWARD march the tariff rates. Washington is crowded with the powerful and those who have taken the shilling of the powerful. Senator Aldrich tells the naked truth when he says that ninety-nine of a hundred of those who appear before the Finance Committee ask for higher rates. (The consumer is at home busy with the plow.) Senators and Representatives are immersed in a high protection atmosphere. Every listening moment he is the center of a pressure that cries "Raise the rates." "You vote for high rates on my steel, and I'll vote for high rates on your lumber"—and so two rates are raised. Every day of delay means greater and greater heights. Every day of speech-making on the Senate floor is a day of buttonholing in the Capitol corridors. Senator Heyburn of Idaho said the other day that he does not consider the Republican Party pledged to revision downward, merely to readjustment—and "readjustment" is a euphemism for revision upward. That is the present spirit of the Republican Senate organization. The bill that comes to President Taft for signature will in all probability be higher than the Dingley bill. In the recollection of his campaign promises, the President will face the first real test of his moral courage.

## Some Democratic Senators

**T**HIS is the list of those Democratic Senators who, up to the present writing, have spoken in favor of retaining the present duty on lumber:

F. M. Simmons of North Carolina.

John Walter Smith of Maryland.

The National Democratic platform plank on lumber says: "We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on . . . lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the free list."

## A Bully in Debate

**S**ENATOR BAILEY of Texas was delivering his speech on the income tax. In the course of it he said:

"There was a time when he [Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island] denounced an income tax as a Populist, Socialistic, Democratic plan of distributing fortunes. He will not repeat that during this debate because the Senator from Rhode Island, like all the rest of us, learns something as he grows older. [Laughter.]"

Immediately after the laughter subsided there was this spirited denial, which we set down verbatim from the Congressional Record:

"MR. ALDRICH: Mr. President, I have never at any time or anywhere expressed any such opinion as that which the Senator from Texas now attributes to me."

A Senator charged so directly as Mr. Bailey here is charged, with false statement, might very well be discomfited, lose the thread of his argument, and be discredited in the eyes of his fellow Senators and of all present, just as Senator Aldrich hoped Mr. Bailey would be. Mr. Aldrich has been long on the Senate floor and is adept in every trick of browbeating or cunning that helps to give him dominance.

But Senator Bailey was not discomfited. Within three minutes his secretary was at his desk with the bound volume of the Congressional Record for June, 1894, from which he read:

"MR. ALDRICH: Does he not understand that the income tax is supported by the Socialist Party, by the Populist Party, and by the Democratic Party, with a few honorable exceptions, simply as a means for the redistribution of wealth?"

Following the reading of this fifteen-year-old speech of Mr. Aldrich's, there ensued this exchange of remarks—we quote the Congressional Record verbatim:

"MR. ALDRICH: That is what I said.

"MR. BAILEY: But the Senator from Rhode Island said he did not say it.

"MR. ALDRICH: I think the statement made by me at that time was absolutely accurate as a historical statement, and I should make the same statement now as to conditions which then existed.

"MR. BAILEY: But the Senator said a moment ago that he had never, at any time or in any place, characterized an income tax as a Populist, Socialistic, Democratic plan to redistribute fortunes. But I leave that aside to ask what the Senator thinks of the statement made by the present President of the United States, in his speech accepting the Republican nomination, in which he says he believes in an income tax? Is he a Socialist? Is he a Populist? Is he a Democrat? [Laughter.]

"MR. ALDRICH: I would be glad if the Senator would read that statement."

And so the episode ended with Senator Aldrich still questioning Senator Bailey's accuracy—but in somewhat more moderate language. Not many men, under the circumstances, would have practised Senator Bailey's forbearance to punch a bully when's he's down.

## Brusk Reasoning

**T**HROUGH the Hon. J. Thomas Heflin of Lafayette, Alabama, this item, printed in the Concordia, Kansas, "Weekly Empire" last fall, has found its way into the Congressional Record:

### "CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS"

"We have been invited to send a dollar contribution to the Republican campaign fund that is being raised by popular subscription and to which President Roosevelt

recently subscribed. We would like to have our dollar in such select company all right, but we have done all the contributing we intend to do this year.

"We recently have completed building a house, at a cost of something over four thousand dollars, and for every foot of lumber, every pane of glass, every sack of cement, every pound of nails, and, in fact, for nearly every bit of material that went into it, we made a good liberal contribution through the trusts that control them, and we guess we have done our share.

"It may be treason for a Republican newspaper to talk this way, but facts are facts, and it sort of relieves our conscience to tell the truth about the trusts once in a while. We will just let the several trusts to which we have had to pay unwilling tribute in the past year pay our dollar for us. We need it and they do not."

Senator Lodge says the consumer is a myth.

## The Promised Land

**S**ENATOR ALDRICH, leading the Southern Democrats up on the mountain:

"I said that I wanted to commend the spirit of the Senator from Mississippi. I believe the Southern States have already entered upon an era of development and prosperity which will surprise the world; and, as far as I am concerned, in every vote I give upon this bill I intend to do everything I can as a legislator to encourage and increase that degree of prosperity and development to which I have alluded.

"I am glad to see that Senators upon the other side recognize this fact and are willing to cooperate with us in giving such protection—I care not what you call it—such encouragement, if you please, to this development as will make your country what it ought to be, a country which will blossom as the rose compared with the wilderness which existed there twenty-five years ago."

## Print the Statement—in Quotation Marks

**K**ANSAS has eight Congressmen. All of them are Republicans. Two of these are among the Republican "insurgents" who voted successfully against the adoption of the old rules. These two are Victor Murdock of Wichita and E. H. Madison of Dodge City. The others stood by Cannon.

The day after that memorable fight on the rules a telegram addressed to the Kansas insurgents, Murdock and Madison jointly, was received in Washington. That telegram read:

"Kansas congratulates you both on your magnificent fight for the recovery of the constitutional rights of the members of the national House of Representatives."

This telegram was signed by three men jointly. They were W. R. Stubbs, Governor; J. N. Dolley, Chairman Republican State Central Committee, and Del Valentine, Clerk of the Supreme Court.

These three names signed to such a telegram—and especially the first two names in their official capacity—would seem to indicate the sentiment of Kansas and the Republican party in Kansas as to Cannon.

Some weeks later, Governor Stubbs and Chairman Dolley paid a visit to Washington on a matter of business of the State of Kansas. In the course of that business they called on President Taft. As to some things that happened in the course of the call on President Taft, and during the visit to Washington, we now print this version from the Leavenworth (Kansas) "Times":

"There was, however, one very satisfactory outcome of the visit. . . . President Taft has to others expressed himself in words which could not be misunderstood, that he desired it to be made clear that the position taken by the two Kansas Congressmen, Murdock and Madison, in bolting the Republican organization of the House of Representatives, and voting with the Democrats, was not endorsed by him, and that Congressmen Scott, Campbell, Miller, Anthony, Calderhead, and Reeder had voted strictly in accordance with his ideas and his recommendations of what was best for the Republican Party and for the country, in consideration of the issues presented in the organization of the House. It is generally understood that this information was conveyed to Stubbs and Dolley and Jackson.

"And this is not all. When the Kansas statesmen visited Postmaster-General Hitchcock, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, and who is generally recognized as the political adviser and manager of the Taft Administration, they were also plainly informed by Mr. Hitchcock that the course of certain Republican bolters and traitors in the organization of the House of Representatives was not endorsed by him. . . . Of course this information was vouchsafed to Governor Stubbs and Chairman Dolley because of the telegram which they had sent to Washington endorsing the course of certain bolters on the Kansas Congressional delegation.

"And now for the development which capped the climax. As the result of the statements made to the Kansas visitors by President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock," etc.

This raises a serious and important question. We dispute the allegation of the Leavenworth "Times," and challenge it to print in quotation marks exactly what it alleges President Taft said and exactly what it alleges Postmaster-General Hitchcock said—what it describes as "the statements made to the Kansas visitors by President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock." Until that is done, nobody can get much farther into the situation. Just as soon as the Leavenworth "Times" prints—in quotation marks—the exact language used by these two gentlemen, or admits that it was misinformed, we should like to take up the whole question as to whether Kansas generally, and the Republican party in Kansas, is with Cannon or against Cannon—whether it approves or disapproves of the action of Messrs. Murdock and Madison as "insurgents."



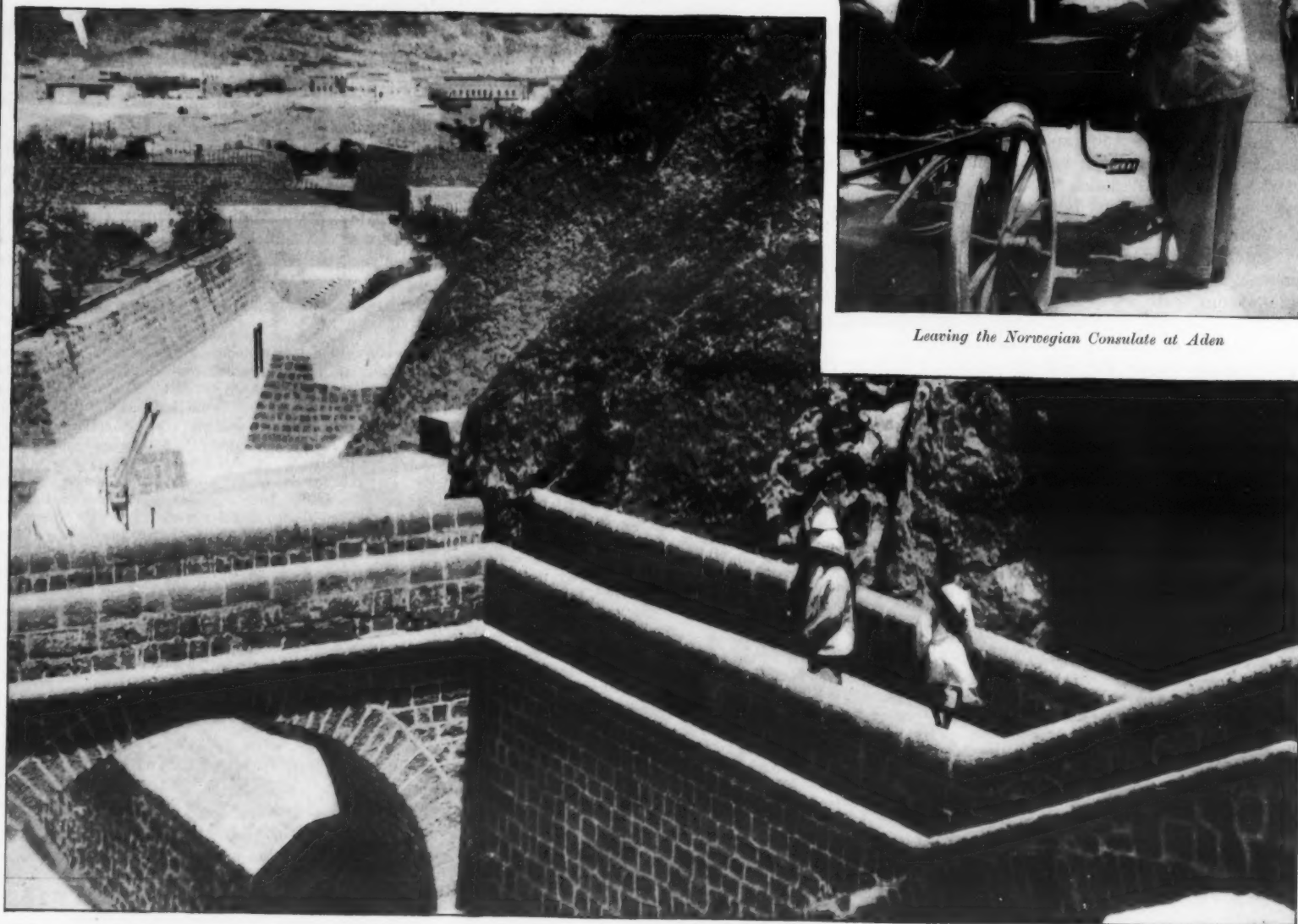
*Spinning yarns aboard ship—Mr. Roosevelt and Frederick C. Selous, author and big game hunter, relating experiences on the "Admiral"*



*Roaming through Aden—Mr. Roosevelt being shown the points of interest by the Norwegian Consul*



*Leaving the Norwegian Consulate at Aden*



*Mr. Roosevelt inspecting the famous water tanks of Aden, Arabia*

## Roosevelt on the Way to Africa



# What the World Is Doing

## A Record of Current Events

### The Piping Times of Peace

**A** HEAD of items on slaughter in Asia Minor, and the sudden boom in English, German, and Austrian *Dreadnoughts*, and the crack of the gun of the lion-killer, we open this week's department with the National Peace Congress at Chicago. From May 3 on, for three days, men expressed their moral yearnings, and the hope that lies hidden under the bickerings of trade and the jealousies of race and faith.

Peace congresses are as naive, amusing, and ineffectual as the other efforts of faulty human nature to "be good." An attempt in this realm represents as much vital effort as large success in practical politics or the conduct of a business. It requires many foot-pounds of energy to communicate a moral impulse. So a resolution here is as good as a performance at the every-day level. The resolution of this Congress was to the effect that war is "a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and that the nations of the world, by joint agreement, by a league of peace among themselves, ought to make its recurrence hereafter impossible."

So troubled is the international situation this year that more than one peace orator had to apologize for his nation's militant activity.

Count Johann Heinrich von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States, stated:

"We will, in 1912, have ten *Dreadnoughts* and three *Invincibles*, and not seventeen or twenty-five *Dreadnoughts* as was wrongly stated."

Wu Ting-Fang, representing the Chinese Empire, stated that "her traditional policy of settling disputes by discussion and amicable means will not be departed from. . . . The reorganization of our army need not create the least alarm, nor is it in conflict with the objects of this society. The Chinese Government has been actuated by one aim, and that is to place the troops in a state of efficiency for police and defensive purposes only."

### Seattle, the Hostess

**S**EATTLE, in the State of Washington, entertains the world at large from June 1 to October 16. With the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition she reveals what the Northwest is and is doing. It is a section with riches and energy beyond the reach of most lands. The Exposition is a frank, legitimate, and most salutary advertisement that immense natural resources are waiting exploitation. Eastern farmers on rocky hillside farms, disconsolate Easterners on salary, desirous of a new home and a fresh working field, are aimed at by this colossal shop-window display, whose every shining exhibit is to be manifolded and surpassed in the unplumbed territory.

Our double-page of photographs shows the preparedness with which Seattle met the situation ten weeks ahead of the opening. We shall have to wait a year to show how permanently the city planned and built. For this is no ephemeral world's fair, whose pasteboard will be ripped down. Its structures will be taken over into permanent uses.

The site chosen was a portion of the campus of the State University of Washington—350 acres of it, lying between Lake Union and Lake Washington, and looking out upon the Olympics and the Cascade Mountains. A fund of \$1,000,000 was provided by the Legislature, \$600,000 at the disposal of the University Regents and \$400,000 for the State Commission of the Fair. Many of the buildings were so constructed as to lend themselves to the permanent requirements of a university and a State.

### News from Overhead

**H**ERE for a thousand years or so, men have been doing their best to get up into the air. But May, 1909, is ushered in by a Mexican in Puebla who got up all right but couldn't come down. He had built his air-boat with every sort of device but that for descent. He made a blithe start on the morning of May 2, climbed the blue for fifty feet, and at that vantage height began to maneuver dexterously. Tiring of his performance, he decided to come down and go home, but found he had omitted the gear for dropping. So there he stuck, while his friends ran about on the earth and wondered how they could get at him. Finally a boy, remembering Rahab's rescue, floated a toy balloon up to him, with a guy-rope attached to the scarlet thread. The fowler pulled in the rope, and his friends, with a long, strong pull all together, hauled him and his airboat back to the ground. Their sensation was not unlike that of "playing" a large coy fish at the end of a hand-line. Felix Gallo, the too buoyant aeronaut, is the first man in history to get stuck in the sky.

Wilbur Wright, arriving in London on May 2, says: "In the past year I must have flown between 2,500 and 3,000 miles."

That is a steady rain-or-shine average, Sundays included, of seven miles a day. He might consider it in the light of a constitutional, as another less aerial person looks upon the morning shower bath or the noon



*The Petersburg Battle Monument to the Blue and the Gray. Presented by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, it was dedicated at Petersburg, Virginia, on May 19 by Grand Army men, composing a division of the Army of the Potomac, to the memory of those who fell in the Civil War in and around Petersburg. Veterans of both armies were in attendance.*

walk. Seven miles in the air before turning in for the night.

We can predict his hitting up his average this coming year to, say, twelve miles a day. And before this man and his brother, who between them are bringing in an epoch, have finished their lofty pilgrimage, we shall doubtless be watching them clicking off long reaches of space on their taximeter planes. Perhaps they will yet triple the yearly distance of the commercial traveler who crawls along on his 100,000 miles a year in laggard Empire State Expresses and Cannonball Specials.

### The Militant "P. T. T."

**F**RANCE, and particularly Paris, is shaking with one more periodic semi-revolutionary crisis. Shall Government employees be permitted to unionize?—that is the disturbing question. On May 6 the "P. T. T."—the Posts, Telegraph, and Telephone Employees' Association—transformed itself into a syndicate or union. It thus claims the right to "strike" against the state employer with the same freedom with which union workmen may "strike" against private employers. This action has been led up to by considerable tumultuous history.

By the law of March 21, 1884, teachers, telegraphers, bureau clerks, postal employees, Government architects, engineers, and mechanics organized mutual benefit associations.

In March, 1909, a widespread "strike" of civil service Government employees was called because of the attempt to substitute a test of merit for that of seniority for promotion in the postal service. On Sunday, March 13, the general association of Government telegraph employees declared a strike. By Tuesday, Paris and many other cities were without means of communication with the outside world. The strike spread to railway mail clerks, telephone and postal employees, letter carriers, firemen and linemen. The Government compromised with the strikers, one of the concessions being that hereafter grievances could be submitted directly to the Minister of Public Works—thus preparing the way for making the head of the Postal Department a Cabinet Minister. The strikers went back to work.

The fresh flurry of trouble was caused by the Government's failure to keep its promises, so the "P. T. T." men say.

Paris at such times lives in a whirl of upheaval talk and half believes that another Commune is at hand, or a world strike of workers, such as has been periodically threatened for the last forty years.

Graham Taylor, who is both well-informed and open-minded on the problems of labor, says:

"The affiliation of those employed to serve the whole people with the organization for the class interests of any part of the population, however large, may not only be seriously questioned but peremptorily challenged. No one will claim that the right thus to affiliate could be conceded to the army or to the police."

"While the right of any craftsman in government employ to affiliate himself with the union of his general craft may not be denied, yet that by no means involves the right of those in any department of the Government service to organize as Government employees and then affiliate with the organization of any distinct class of the people."

"Whatever theoretical or even practical reasons there may be to the contrary, does not the possibility of a sympathetic strike by unionized Government employees, such as menaced the peace and paralyzed the power of the entire French people, point an incontrovertible argument against the public recognition of the right of Government employees to unionize?"

### Two Vacation Suggestions

**Q**UITO is a rather difficult place to get to, but it is extremely well worth seeing. It lies about ten thousand feet above the Pacific, at the base of Pichincha volcano and within sight of some of the mightiest peaks of the Andes. Cotopaxi and Antisana, both over nineteen thousand feet, are near by, and Chimborazo, over twenty thousand feet high, is passed on the way up from Guayaquil. Guayaquil is the seaport for Quito, the capital of Ecuador, and comfortable steamers touch there frequently on the way down the coast from Panama. Probably no vast horde of North American tourists will find it convenient to visit Quito's exposition this summer, but those who do will enjoy the experience.

Another and more ambitious "world's fair" will be the Railway Exhibition at Buenos Ayres in 1910. This fair will open in May and close in November, and it is planned to exhibit all sorts of transportation methods and allied devices, including not only locomotives, automobiles, street-cars, airships, and beasts of burden, but telephones and telegraphs, military transports and sanitation, and the decorative fine arts applied to the transport industry. The exhibition will be held in grounds near Sarmiento and Alvear Avenues, where Buenos Ayres takes its drive each afternoon. Among the surprises likely to greet those North Americans who visit this huge and animated capital will be the news that over fifteen thousand miles of railway lines already gridiron the Argentine Republic. Indeed, a railroad map of this great wheat and cattle growing country resembles a leaf torn from one of our own railroad folders, and little suggests the country of guachos and the pampa pictured in the antique wood-cuts of our geographies. Last year Argentina's exports were worth \$387,429,983, with a trade balance of over one hundred million dollars in favor of the Argentinians.

The absurd tradition that it is necessary to go to Europe in order to get to South America comfortably is rudely jolted again by the appearance of the new Lamport and Holt steamship *Vasari* of 12,000 tons to ply between New York and Brazil and the Argentine. The *Vasari* will carry 150 first-cabin passengers, all in outside staterooms. There are several suites with brass bedsteads and private baths for people who prefer to feel as if they were in a hotel when they are at sea. The *Verdi*, which was put in commission last year, is only slightly smaller than the new ship. The *Byron* and *Tennyson* also offer comfortable passage to Rio, and there are a number of freighters of the same line, slower and less comfortable, but with no less poetical names.

### The Shot Heard Round the World

**M**R. ROOSEVELT and his son Kermit have enjoyed several weeks among the wildbeests. For purposes of self-defense and science they have killed a little big game. There really isn't much left to be told about that jungle country. We know the temperature of each of the twenty-four hours of the day and that the nights are chilly. Large and beautiful animals—gazels, hartbeests, antelopes, rhinoceroses—are plain to be seen, grazing, sleeping, and at the water-courses. Lions are disappointing, though still mildly dangerous. They are fast tumbling before the ex-President's advance.

The first killing was of a Thompson's gazel and two wildbeests on the Kapiti Plains on April 24. On May Day in the Mau Hills four lions fell to the Roosevelt family, and of the four Theodore slew three and Kermit one. On May 4 two more lions went down before Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit felled one lion and a cheetah. And six days later came the tidings of the bull rhinoceros who kept charging till the ex-Presidential bullet took effect at fourteen paces. Giraffes, hippopotami, and elephants are still roaming, immune and unbagged, up to the time we go to press.

Stirring incidents and unusual people continue to be drawn into the vortex of Mr. Roosevelt's life, just as much in Africa as in New York, Dakota, Cuba, and Washington. Frederick C. Selous, a world-famous big-game hunter, the original of the fiction character of Allan Quatermain, joined Mr. Roosevelt at Naples and tramped the East African country with him. They two rode on a seat attached to the cowcatcher of the locomotive that drew them out of Mombasa. With such men and such incidents Mr. Roosevelt's trip has been and will continue to be sprinkled. He has an affinity for adventure.

### "Aunt Jane"—The City of Refuge

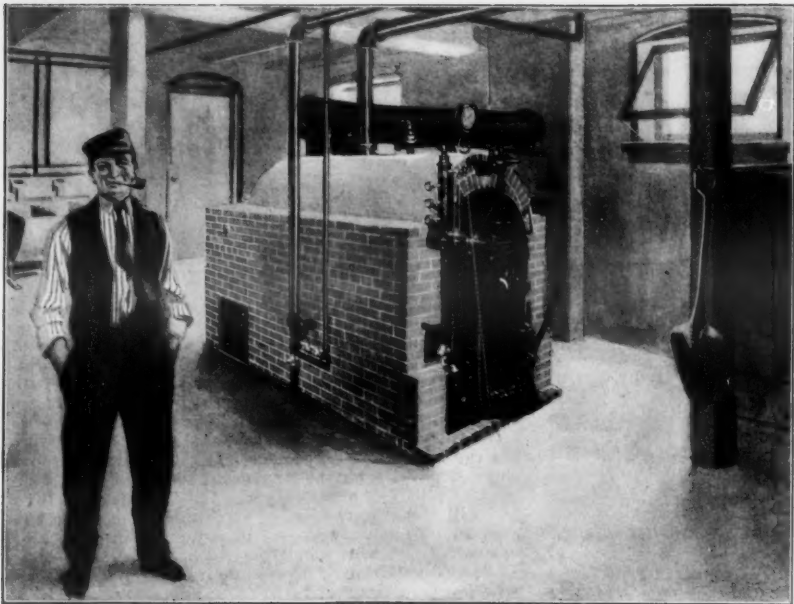
**C**ALIFORNIA has recently shut down on horse-racing. The racing men were grieved by this, and realized that something must be done at once. So they crossed the border into Mexico in a straight line from San Diego, and are grading a new race-track in the little hot new town of Tia Juana.

Another set of orphans who are seeking sympathy in meek and sleepy Tia Juana are the "con" men. The very name, Tia Juana, is demure—"Aunt Jane" it means. "Aunt Jane" has become the City of Refuge for the "bloods," "sports," "touts," jockeys, bookmakers, and card-sharps of a too austere California. So stirring has been the effect of these alert immigrants on the placid village life that a saying has sprung up: "If the Prince of Monaco were to go to Tia Juana, they would take Monte Carlo away from him."

The Los Angeles "Times-Mirror" says:

"In a modest corner of Tia Juana is a small stand





## A KEWANEE Steel Boiler

### Is a healthy heart for your new building

KEWANEE Steel Boilers are the best heating boilers in the world from every point of view. They will do—and are doing—precisely what they are rated to do. Thousands of owners of flat buildings, and other buildings, in the United States will cheerfully confirm this positive statement. KEWANEE Steel Boilers are far more durable than other boilers. They are substantially built of solid steel plate. They have no packed joints—no sections to give out. They are much cheaper than tubular boilers and more economical. On account of the long smoke travel, more heat is absorbed by the water, making a low temperature of the gases at their exit. This unfailingly spells economy.

KEWANEE Steel Boilers are much safer than the average boiler; they are cared for with ridiculous ease and require very little attention after being once filled. These boilers have increased the renting value of flat buildings and apartment houses and have retained the renting prestige of old buildings.

The illustration shows a KEWANEE heating plant—a brick-set boiler. It is the most perfect and the cleanest heating plant that is possible. It occupies little room in your basement. Over 65 miles of Chicago's fine flat buildings are heated by these boilers and they never give anything but the most satisfactory service. This is a sermon that is worth money to every man who puts up a flat building, an apartment house, a hotel, a hospital, a school house, a dormitory, a club, an auditorium or a church.

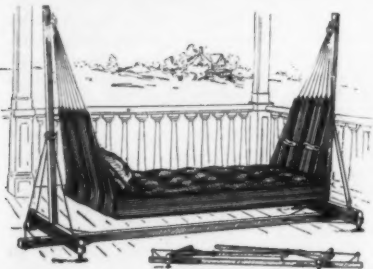
KEWANEE Steel Boilers are promptly insured at a working pressure of 65 pounds. Other boilers cannot be insured at more than 15 pounds. KEWANEE Steel Boilers will stand a test pressure of 125 pounds yet not over 5 to 15 pounds are used when the boiler is in operation.

Don't spend all your money on architecture and finish! Your heating plant is the most vital feature of your building. Give the matter the attention it deserves if you would save money and add value to your property.

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where a sad-eyed, white-haired old man invites the public to toss rings for cigars. How pitiful that such an old man should have to eke out a living by such precarious means. The poor fellow is Poker Davis, and in the middle of his cigar game, it shifts into a well-known 'sucker' trap."

The track is on Mexican soil, but only a few hundred feet from the line. It is on the mesa on the "American side" of the river. A committee of horsemen was formed from the patrons of the Arcadia track, whose activities had been ended by the recent California law. This committee journeyed down to the City of Mexico to petition President Diaz for his blessing on the race-track and an official promise that the Government would not interfere.

### Eight Problems for the Young Turks

THE future of the Ottoman Empire rests on the character of the new Sultan and on the capability of the Young Turks to maintain an unbroken unity both in the ranks of their soldiery and in their local and international policy. The "Saturday Review" of England, whose ponderous prophecies of April 17 on the Turkish situation were reversed by inexorable fact, is up and at the Young Turks in the issue of April 24. It finds them victorious but unconstitutional. It sneers at them for their show of force, their "thirty batteries of machine guns."

"What Turkey wants is not a sham House of Commons, but a strong and righteous Sultan. . . . It is precisely the Young Turks, with their impossible twaddle and hypocrisy about the 'constitutional equality of all Ottomans,' who have let loose the fanaticism of Cilicia and Kurdistan."

It dubs them "those egregious parliamentarians of Young Turkey."

Then, a few sentences later, "we venture to warn the Young Turks and their Balkan Committee upon another matter also." That kind of offensive talk may be safely "ventured" on in London by the editorial writer who permits his personal bitterness and prejudices not so much to breathe as to hiss through his words. Scarcely would he "venture" on it if he were a few thousand miles nearer the Sweet Waters of Europe. And in the space of the two columns that thus belabored the victors, he taunts the United States, and takes a long-distance fling at Robespierre and Cromwell.

Futile as is such malice, the troubles of the Young Turks are real enough. An analysis of their situation would show at least eight problems to be dealt with:

(1) A parliamentary body that may or may not be feeble, but that impresses the outside world as colorless. (2) A numerous clique, made up of the disgruntled retainers of the old régime, including palace favorites, back-stairs statesmen, and ex-office-holders. (3) Finances—the public treasury depleted, and the machinery of tax collection broken down. (4) Officials in the provinces—friendly to the old order of things, ready to plot against the new masters. (5) The fanaticism of Asia Minor—"the greatest force of all, the Faith of Islam." "All the tricolors of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality will continue simply to vanish into nonentity when the green banner of the Prophet waves before the mosque of Justinian's Holy Wisdom, and the hoarse cheer of 'Din, Din, Din!'—the Faith, the Faith, the Faith!—thunders and roars above the masses of the true believers." (6) The Harem—the position of woman in the remodeled empire will require adjustment. (7) The Army—the great body of troops have had a free hand with unbelievers for several generations. Bulgaria used to suffer, and Macedonia still suffers from their lawlessness due to a combination of religious and racial scorn. It will be difficult to keep the soldiers within bounds. Also, it has been the history of armies in an absolute monarchy that a large element in them will remain permanently disaffected to any more liberal policy of government. (8) The new Sultan, who may prove reactionary and weak.

### Dynamo Light for Commuters

RAILROADS in the Middle West are progressive. While a few long-distance trains have been lighted by electricity from storage batteries, yet the lighting of suburban trains by electricity generated by a dynamo is an innovation. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad is successful in the experiment. On its trains from Chicago to Aurora, a distance of about forty miles, it has installed a steam turbine directly connected to a dynamo, and both mounted on the boiler of the locomotive. The turbine is supplied by steam from the boiler, and the dynamo has a sufficient capacity for light-

ing nine passenger coaches, each equipped with twenty-one 16-candle-power lamps, besides the locomotive headlight and cab lights. Of course with this system the locomotive must always be attached to the coaches, and it is not adaptable, except with storage batteries, for express service where the locomotives are frequently changed. For local service it has proved satisfactory, and fifteen installations have been ordered by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy for their suburban trains.

### Atheistical Gold-Filled Teeth

AS THE "Church of the Brethren" Conference at Rheims, Pennsylvania, drew to a close at the end of April, the Germantown church petitioned that delegates with gold-filled teeth should not be admitted to the conference. A former conference had decreed that gold-rimmed glasses were a vain show, and that delegates sporting such an eyesore should be barred out. So it was in painful consistency that Germantown asked for the new reform measure.

We can fancy delegates whose front teeth were intact, and only the hidden molars treated with precious filling, attending conferences for years—undiscovered and honored. And then a sudden smile or a burst of joviality reveals their bright secret, and they are suspended or in disgrace expelled. But that is only speculation, for the conference refused to discriminate against delegates with gold-filled teeth.

Such expressions of zeal are naive, and yet these "Brethren" make excellent citizens, industrious and honest. A sense of humor is desirable, but not essential, for life in Pennsylvania.

### The Wireless Telephone

TELEPHONING without wires has already passed the experimental stage, and instruments are installed on a few of the battleships and on a number of smaller craft. The wireless telephone, as the wireless telegraph, depends on the production of waves that travel with the velocity of light—186,000 miles per second. The apparatus, as installed on board of a ship, consists of wires (technically called the "antenna") strung between two masts, and of a transmitter and receiver, generally placed in the navigating cabin. By talking into the transmitter sound waves are transformed into electrical vibrations, which in turn set into oscillation ether waves. These waves are sent out through the atmosphere, and at the receiving station are transformed into sound waves similar to those taken by the transmitter.

\*\*\*

## His Second Senior Class Day

(Continued from page 19)

eyes of youth; the same swaying festoons of Chinese lanterns illuminated the same happy crowd of youth beneath, the same half-bored elders—only the elders now had been the youth of his day.

There were the girls, too—millions of them; not so pretty, of course, as the girls he remembered, but too pretty to be safe. He frowned again as he made his way toward the old dormitory. No need to direct him; his feet could have gone by themselves to the old room. On its threshold he was seized at once by his son. "Father! I believe you *did* lose your way after all! There are a lot of your old friends here, and I want to introduce you—" In a moment he was surrounded and submerged. It was a very pretty and gay scene, an enlarged and enriched copy of the old class-day spread; and under the windows, when he presently made his way to one, there flowed the same river of evening suits, dainty gowns, big hats, and fresh faces, all to the strains of the same familiar college airs. In his interest in the respectful attentions of Howard's young friends and the cordial reminiscences of old ones, he quite forgot to keep that observant eye on his son which he had planned to do. It was his son instead who presently hunted him up.

"Pater!—there are some old friends of yours," he said hurriedly, in his flushed duty of host—and bore him away to another recessed window where two or three young ladies and an elder one were looking out. It was to the elder one his son spoke.

"Here he is, Mrs. Thacher; Pater—you remember Mrs. Thacher?"

She turned, and he found himself looking straight into the candid eyes of his youth.

*Tempi passati!* The slim girl had become, as slim girls will, a matronly woman; the pretty hair—still pretty—was



# Dioxogen

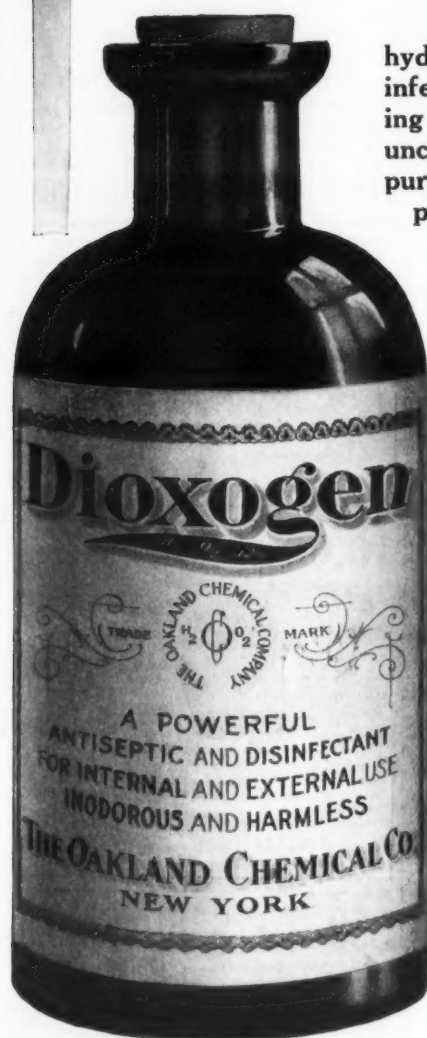
## THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

### The first law of health is personal hygienic cleanliness:

personal hygienic cleanliness wards off disease and maintains health because it creates conditions where disease producing causes cannot exist. Its application extends from the routine habits of every day life to sick room and hospital practice. Dioxogen produces this kind of cleanliness effectively, harmlessly and so simply that any one can use it.

Dioxogen foams and bubbles when it comes in contact with disease causing material, decaying infectious matter, disease germs, germ poisons and the materials in which they live and multiply, all of which it destroys and annihilates.

Dioxogen appeals to the understanding. It works openly; you can see and feel Dioxogen work. Dioxogen uses extend from the toilet table of the home to the operating room of the hospital.



**DIOXOGEN, the pure peroxide of hydrogen, is different from ordinary peroxide of hydrogen: it is free from the objections and objectionable ingredients found in the cheap inferior grades which are only fit for bleaching wool, cotton, hair and other manufacturing uses. DIOXOGEN does not contain acetanilid to make it turn rank and bitter; it is unchangeable and keeps equally well in open or tightly corked bottles. Dioxogen is purer, stronger and better than the official U.S. Pharmacopoeia standard. Dioxogen is the purest peroxide of hydrogen made by the largest manufacturers of this article in America. The name DIOXOGEN is a guarantee and protection against inferior peroxide of hydrogen of uncertain origin and quality. DIOXOGEN is never sold in bulk.**

As a mouth wash Dioxogen bubbles and foams as it cleanses the mouth and teeth, destroying germs and germ products which lurk in all mouths; old food particles which collect in crevices about the teeth, and which cause tooth decay are, by the foaming and bubbling, detached and removed; offending odors are instantly killed, and the irritation and soreness caused by plates and bridge work relieved. Dioxogen does not injuriously affect fillings, though it frequently discovers loose fillings and cavities whose existence was unsuspected. Dioxogen never produces decay of the teeth, for in addition to its harmlessness, it does not stay in the mouth long enough to have prolonged action, and it so accelerates the flow of saliva as to leave the mouth in a normal, clean, healthy condition.

Dioxogen cleanses the throat of secretions and accumulations which are the breeding places of germs and the cause of many throat disorders. Used as a gargle or as a spray from a rubber-tubed atomizer, it dissolves and loosens irritating, germ-protecting substances, destroys germ life and germ poisons, and produces the hygienic cleanliness which is a most important safeguard against pulmonary disease. Professor Osler has said: "*Oral hygiene, the hygiene of the mouth and throat, there is not one single thing more important to the public in the whole range of hygiene.*"

After shaving: Dioxogen prevents infection from cuts and other causes; the irritation from too close shaving is relieved; in fact, Dioxogen is an ideal application to the skin both as a toilet and as a hygienic measure; it cleanses the pores from clogging, obstructing materials; it removes blackheads

and other blemishes due to parasitic causes; it makes the skin soft and clear, and distinctly favors normal skin processes. As a deodorant for removing perspiration and other odors, Dioxogen instantly kills the odor. It does not disguise or substitute; it destroys.

Wounds, cuts, burns, old sores, skin affections, and injuries where the skin or tissues are affected, all present opportunities for Dioxogen cleanliness. The bubbling and foaming characteristic of Dioxogen working is nowhere more apparent and nowhere more valuable; simple injuries are prevented from becoming serious, infection is prevented or controlled, septic matter—the cause of inflammation and pain—is destroyed, or its formation prevented; the danger of blood poison is practically eliminated. Dioxogen treatment for simple or serious injuries is in accord with the most advanced antiseptic methods. Dioxogen contains no irritating residues. When it is through working, there is nothing left but plain water, hence it is safe for general public use. No accidental poisoning, no mistakes from careless handlings are possible with Dioxogen.

Dioxogen possesses the qualities which entitle it to public confidence.

Consult the circular accompanying each bottle for instructions.

Always send us your dealer's name when you have any difficulty in getting Dioxogen.

We want to make it easy and convenient for everybody to get Dioxogen. If your own druggist does not handle Dioxogen, write us, giving his name and address: we will send you a full 2 oz. bottle, free of all expense, with absolutely no obligation on your part, and we will direct you to stores within easy reach where real Dioxogen is sold.

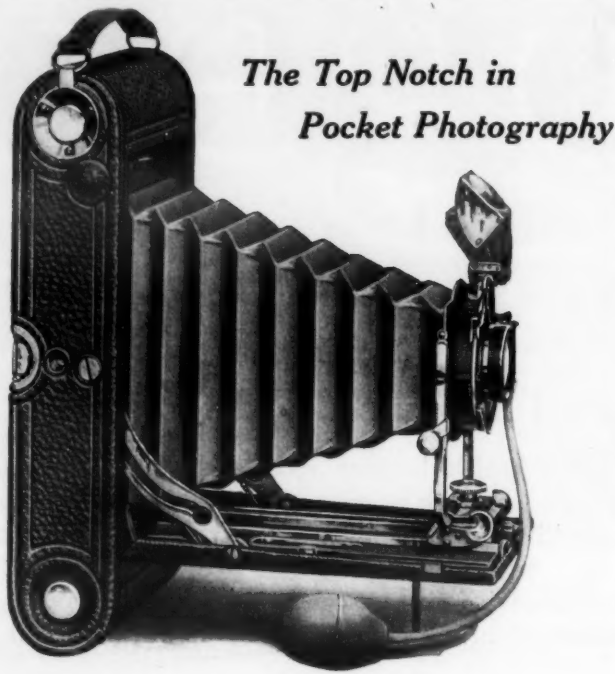
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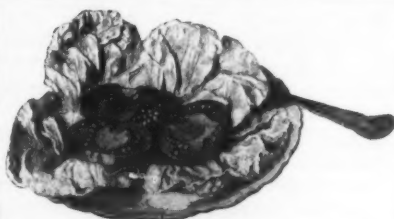
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gray; but there were not two pairs of eyes like that in the whole world. He stood a moment looking silently into them, and then she smiled—the old smile—and they shook hands, as sane and socially educated people do in any extremity, and while he hunted in his unprepared mind (Howard should have prepared him!—but how should Howard know there was anything to prepare?) for the trivial phrase with which to renew speech, she spoke without either hunting or triviality.

"How wonderful to meet here—after thirty years," he answered.

"Oh—Chicago is a long way off."

"It isn't Chicago that is a long way off," he answered quickly; "it's X—," and they both smiled.

"Yes," she admitted, "we are a little of a back number—but since we don't know it—? Nothing has really changed."

"No; not even the old gate—nor the latch; it has the same old squeak," he said lightly.

She looked at him astonished.

"How do you know that?"

And he answered with perfectly incred-  
ible simplicity and straightforwardness:  
"Because I've just been there. You didn't think I would come to X— and not go there? But there was nobody on the doorstep."

She looked at him with kind eyes.

"It was nice of you to go; no, they are all gone but ourselves. He saw her sad-  
den for a moment, in the touch of mem-  
ory, then she put it by and smiled at him.

"Still we do sit on doorsteps even now—  
but well-chaperoned. We are not quite a  
country village; we have changed a little  
after all."

"I don't think you have," he said sud-  
denly.

She laughed outright.

"After thirty years!—and more than  
thirty pounds!—and six daughters! Did  
you know I had six daughters?" she spoke  
seriously with unmistakable pride.

"Six—" He was looking at her with  
fascination. Of course she would have  
had six daughters; it was written. "Are  
they all here?" he inquired vaguely.

"Dear me, no! Only one—the baby;  
the others are married."

Of course they would be married, he  
thought again; if she had had sixteen.

"And the baby?" he asked.

"Is over my head—I must introduce  
you—" she glanced around. "She was  
here a moment ago—probably they've  
slipped over to Memorial to dance—well;  
her father is there, and Memorial is thick  
with patronesses," she smiled again. "I  
told you—we chaperone religiously nowa-  
days."

"In our day—it didn't seem to be nec-  
essary," he remarked.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "it didn't."  
He saw her clear and innocent gaze go  
backward into that past, and across his  
own mind rushed the memory of that long,  
that exquisite intimacy, in which, in the  
flush of youth, he had never touched her  
lips, nor so much as held her hand. Then  
suddenly he remembered other things.

"There were some who would have  
borne a little chaperoning even then," he  
said brusquely, but he saw that the words  
did not reach her. For the first time  
it occurred to him why the tending of  
fires had always been entrusted to vestal  
virgins.

"Tell me something of your life all these  
years," he said quickly, and she came out  
of her musing to answer:

"There has not been much to tell; we  
have lived very quietly—with our chil-  
dren. My husband"—she woke up sud-  
denly—"you remember my husband?" and  
again, as when she had spoken of her six  
daughters, an army with banners looked  
out of her eyes; at least that was the  
impression they made upon him.

"Very well indeed," he added perfun-  
ctorily. "I hope to have the pleasure of  
renewing our acquaintance." Meanwhile  
he hardly heard what she went on to say,  
so busy was he with the inner vision of  
her life. Six girls—and a college pro-  
fessor's salary—it was easy enough to see  
the rest; yet she could afford to flaunt  
banners in her eyes. This woman had then  
the capacity of living her dreams; she  
would have kept the dream alive if—

"Then you have lacked nothing," he  
said.

"Oh, yes," she answered quickly, with  
an entire change of manner; "I have no  
son."

He looked at her silently a moment.

"Thank you," he said.

"I don't need to ask you anything," her  
voice was quick with feeling. "Howard  
has told me all; but—you have him!"

"Yes," he assented, "I have him. By



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295 Wabash Ave., Chicago Ill.

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the way," he spoke suddenly, turning toward her the face he had half averted, "you spend your summers at Ogunquitt, I believe?"

"Yes; we have a kind of modest bungalow there; we had to go somewhere for the children, and it has been a good place for my husband's work."

Her companion smiled and frowned together into the darkness outside, where the Glee Club was singing. The other occupants of the room had drifted out to the campus or to Memorial where the dancing was; for the moment they were quite alone, as they looked down upon the scene below. Her hand lay beside him on the window-sill; untouchable now as then, to him; he looked at it remembering, and an irrepressible desire came upon him to know if she remembered too. It forced itself from his lips.

"Do you remember?"

She answered instantly.

"I remember perfectly; we stood in this very window. How it must all come back to you to-night—in your son!"

How it must all come back to him! He longed to know how much she remembered, how much she knew; but the silence of the past was between them. One has but one class day! Yet he was conscious that he was happier, even as things were, here beside her than he had been since he stood there last. She had done for him again what she had done before—she had renewed his faith of youth; he knew now that some things were possible—even if not to him.

"Well, have you two reminisced up the whole past?" His son's gay, suspiciously gay, voice made them both turn with a start.

"Child, where have you been?" The laughing reproach from his companion fell on the elder man's ear vaguely as he gazed at the girl beside his son. She was taller than her mother, and far prettier than her mother had even been, though this he could not know; and she had been to college, which her mother had not; but she had been to college exactly as her mother would have gone, had carried the candid dream in her eyes all through it, and when she smiled now at him she smiled with her mother's very lips.

"This is my baby," said the mother, and as the daughter gave him her hand she looked at him fearlessly. Another keeper of fires—he saw them veiled in her glance. And he had said to himself that there were not two such pairs of eyes in the world—as there were not two senior class-days.

"If you don't mind, Pater," meantime his son was saying with some becoming embarrassment, "I'm going to walk home with them (the professor is waiting downstairs, Mrs. Thacher). Will you wait here or shall I find you at the hotel?"

He saw the remonstrance shape itself upon the mother's lips, and checked it with a glance.

"I'll wait here," he replied promptly. "And don't hurry—I like to hear the singing. I suppose there are some cigars about?" he added lightly.

"Boxes!" His son rushed off in quest. Both the mother and the daughter gave him their hands, but it was the girl's he held a moment, and under his keen scrutiny the color deepened in her frank cheeks.

"Here you are, Pater," said his son, heaping up cigars prodigally on the cushioned window-seat; "just make yourself comfy, and—I won't be long."

"Don't hurry," repeated his father. As the ladies passed out of the room he laid a detaining hand on his son's arm and looked into the young man's conscious eyes.

"While you are about it, Howard," he said dryly, "you might as well complete your arrangements for—Ogunquitt."

The glance his son flung back was charming in its triumph.

"Thanks," he said; "it's all arranged."

He wrung his father's hand in a hasty grip and rushed off after his guests. Mr. Devine, turning back to the window, quite ignoring the mountain of cigars, looked down upon the fast-thinning campus where the lanterns tossed fantastically. The Glee Club was in full swing now, and up from below came tenderly, exuberantly, triumphantly by turns, the shout of the young serenaders:

"Good night!—Good night, beloved!"

Smiling as he listened, he took from his pocket the leather case and dropped a little faded white rose down into the night.

There would be plenty of fresh ones for the boy. And why save the faded memorial of the first, when it appeared a man had after all two senior class nights in his life—his own and his son's?

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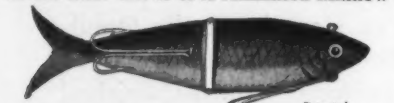
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## In the World's Workshop

Devoted to Facts, Observations, and Thoughts Concerning Common Industrial Methods, Products, and Influences

By WALDO P. WARREN

### MAKING AUTOMOBILES

Those who are accustomed to think of automobile manufacturers as rolling in wealth, and that the great number of manufacturers indicate that the business is one in which money is made easily, will be interested in reversing that opinion by considering some statistics compiled by "Motor." In nine years 639 manufacturers have gone into the business of making automobiles, of which 270 are now in the business, 30 of which began shortly before the first of this year. The concerns which are now but one year old number 94, and those two years old are 98. The number that lived but one year was 94. Twenty-nine manufacturers turned their attention to some other line, and 273 retired from business. Only 187 out of the 639 continued in business for more than one year. Only 64 concerns were established in some other line before undertaking the manufacture of automobiles.

These figures, compiled with no small amount of labor and research, give what is perhaps the most succinct record possible of the fierce competitive struggles with which the automobile industry has come into being. If it were possible to obtain and tabulate the part played by manufacturing, selling, and advertising methods, in the success or failure of these concerns, it would afford an insight into most of the vital problems that confront many industries.

### DECORATIVE LIGHTING

DOWN in Alabama there is on foot a clever scheme in which everybody wins—illuminating the Capitol dome. In open-and-above-board advertisements the electric light company, which is to install the lamps and sell the lighting service, proposed the scheme, stirred up public sentiment in favor of it, and keeps the public posted as to how much enthusiasm is being aroused. It was proposed that the citizens, not only of Montgomery, but elsewhere throughout the State, make a small subscription for this purpose, the Mayor of Montgomery acting as treasurer of the fund. The electric light company, rather than have it pointed out by others, claims that its object is to stimulate the use of electric signs and lighting by providing a notable example on the Capitol dome. As no one will be obliged to put up an electric sign unless he wants to and thinks it will pay him, the scheme is one in which everybody wins and nobody loses. Unlike many public-service corporations, the lighting company has attained much popularity by working with the people to procure a result that the people desire—or are willing to desire when they are convinced of its advantages. This is but one of the plans adopted by this company to increase the use of decorative lighting. After a three-year campaign in Montgomery the company now maintains about forty thousand lamps used in sign and decorative lighting features, with the installations rapidly increasing.

### RESTRAINED COMMENT

THE common policy of some newspapers which causes them to make it a rule not to mention a business or a commodity in an agreeable way, even though it be the best of news, keeps the public from knowing some of the most recent improvements made in the world of invention. There is hardly a line of manufacturing, from musical instruments to railway appliances, that does not develop every year some new thing that represents the very highest achievement in the world in that line. It would be far more interesting as reading matter than half the non-commercial items treated of in the newspapers, but the public never hears of such things—except through the advertisements. Perhaps, after all, the policy is not to be deplored, as it gives a new element to advertising, and makes it a matter of necessity to read the advertisements to be up with the times. This in turn enables the manufacturer to tell the story straight, and avoid the woful misapprehensions which might arise from the

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or wear.

## These Improvements

in Brighton Garters give a sense of security to the whole dress of the leg; a trim and sleek appearance to the ankles; a smooth and firm support to the socks; without rubbing, chafing or tiring the leg. *Pure silk*, wear-resisting webs in all colors; heavily nicked brass, rustless metal parts with round edges to avoid wear or tear of socks. At your dealers—25c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty card in every box.

## PIONEER SUSPENDERS

give positive balance to the shoulders, direct and easy support to the trousers, freedom from all feeling of restraint, comfort in every motion. Exclusive artistic webs, firegilt mountings, elegant in finish. At your dealers—50c—or we mail them direct. Our guaranty band on every pair.

**PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.**  
718 Market Street, PHILADELPHIA  
MAKERS OF PIONEER BELTS

## STERLING TIRES

WHEN one of our tire makers puts a layer of fabric or rubber on the core, he has to stop till it is inspected—then he puts on another, and that's inspected. In addition, each tire maker gets a weekly premium for a perfect score—meaning "no seconds."

Sterling tires are cured on airbags, giving internal as well as external pressure, and thoroughly amalgamating the different fabric plies and layers of rubber. That's why Sterling treads and carcasses don't separate—they stay put.

### Sterling Blue Tubes

Our tubes are blue and in making them blue we make them better than any other tube. There may be other tires nearly as good as ours, but the Blue Tube is absolutely unequalled. If you will tell us what tires and tubes you use and where you buy them we will tell you how you can get one Blue Tube without cost to you.

**RUTHERFORD RUBBER CO.**  
RUTHERFORD, N. J.

New York Branch  
1001 Broadway, corner 53d St.

## STERLING BLUE TUBES

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

superficial remarks of a half-informed reporter.

When a newspaper is pinned down as to its policy of not mentioning a specific business or commodity in a complimentary way, the reason is usually found to be a fear of being classed as "countrified," because it has long been a custom of country newspapers to write "puffs" for advertisers. But there is a great difference between the puff and the frank recognition of the news element in a new invention or improvement.

No one can deny, however, the trouble that might arise if the news columns could be used to set afloat false ideas about various business interests, even as their silence is not infrequently bought when news facts are unfavorable to advertisers. It must be a problem, sometimes, for a newspaper to know what to do. One favorable mention might bring twenty requests for similar mention, backed up by insinuations of enforcing such requests by advertising patronage.

This fact, however, remains clear. No one can know all the world is really doing without reading advertisements.

### A GOOD SPIRIT

IT IS always interesting to see an advertiser express due regard for other people in the same business. The advertisement that virtually says: "Everybody in this line of business is a fake but us," is the poorest kind of an advertisement. Something is usually wrong with the business that must boost itself by pulling others down.

A good spirit is shown in a circular letter sent out by a firm of tailors in Chicago. The letter reads:

"There are several hundred tailors in Chicago who would like to make your spring and summer clothes—but how many are really entitled to? Is the man who made your last suit or overcoat? Did he please you so completely that you want him to have your next order? If he did—stick to him. It doesn't pay to experiment. But if there is room for improvement, we believe you'll find it interesting to make an early inspection of our equipment and methods."

Such a letter naturally inspires confidence. It is a welcome relief from the class of advertisements which ruthlessly trample down the opportunities of others in order to get the lion's share.

And yet there are times when it may be the right thing to do to nail a competitor's lie, to keep your own business from being damaged by his insinuations about "all others."

### WHERE TO FIND OUT

IF MANY of the learned men of the world should collaborate in making an encyclopedia containing most that the world really knows about itself, it is quite likely that there would be only one place to learn anything of consequence about the undertaking—and that would be from the advertising matter issued by the publishers who were to sell such a work.

If an instrument were invented to increase the rapidity of telegraphing one hundred times over, and thereby decrease the rate, the chief place to learn anything about the subject would be from the advertisements of the company which was to make money out of such a service.

If the world's most noted inventor should develop a new improvement on one of the world's most wonderful inventions—say, a phonograph—the only place to gain the knowledge that there had been any such improvement would be from the advertisements of the firm that had such improvements to sell.

Oh, well. Why expect it to be otherwise? Why not get your information at first hand, anyway?

### TOUCH-BUTTONS

*Work that develops from the inside out is the work that tells an individual growth.*

*The memory of an imparted secret remains long after the caution and promise are forgotten.*

*Mental growth is not always gradual—often the big development comes as a shell-breaking process.*

*When in doubt, quarrel with your conceits, and the doubt will disappear.*

*The joy of plowing new ground exceeds the belief of those who have never tried it.*

*Many who imagine themselves masters of society are really its slaves, and the scourge by which they are driven is their own desire to be considered great.*



"THE GIBSON"  
One of our 49 Spring and Summer Styles

Our magnificent assortment of almost 500 snappy Spring and Summer weaves are now being displayed by our established dealers. It will be easy for you to make a satisfactory selection and have our dealer skillfully measure you. In about a week's time you will receive the finished clothes, your ideal of what good clothes ought to be.

## Active Men,

men who participate in athletics and those who are interested in the world of sports, men of enthusiasm in ALL affairs of life, show their energetic dispositions in the clean-cut, snappy clothes they wear. Such men have their clothes made to order through

## Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service

(5,000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

Talented designers and master tailors combine to give our tailoring the right style, perfect fit and durability. A national business of making good clothes to order enables us to quote these low prices:

## Guaranteed Suits and Overcoats To Order \$20 to \$40

We have made a pronounced success of OUR WAY of doing a tailoring business because of the unfailing satisfaction we give every customer.

Drop us a postal for booklet No. 20, a guide to correct attire for all occasions and the name of our nearest dealer.



**Strauss Brothers**  
MASTER TAILORS  
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building  
Established 1877  
CHICAGO

## Write for Special Offer—

quoting the trade discount direct to the public on the highest grade diamonds.

Complete catalog and discount sheet on request.

Send the Coupon below



## Marshall's "F" Grade

"F" first and finest grade—diamonds of the rarest beauty—are shipped out pure white; no money down.

### Buy a Diamond NOW!

There never has been a time when diamonds have been as superlatively safe and sound an investment as at the present time. Diamonds have long been recognized by shrewd business men as the best investment for any amount large or small. They are as safe as the best bank in the country, and they pay a good rate of interest. There is always a ready market for diamonds.

And in the last few months this market has been briskest ever, and the prices are constantly increasing. The rapidly diminishing supply of diamonds in the African fields has done much to stiffen prices. Besides this the mines are being worked at greater depths than ever before, and the geologists' reports show that the supply is decreasing rapidly. The removal of the native African miners and the unionizing of white miners has also increased the cost of mining.

Right after the 1907 panic when prices even on the best bonds went down, the first investment that jumped back to higher prices was diamonds. Do you wonder that diamonds today are going up and bound to go up much more? Better buy a diamond now before it costs you twice as much. We are selling our stock not only at current prices which are subject to our special discounts (as shown on special discount sheet sent with catalog) but are also making some special offers based on prices paid before the recent advances. Besides we allow these trade discounts to those who buy on monthly terms. Thus we win the patronage of the most careful diamond purchasers. On this special offer you get the benefit of the money we saved on your advance purchase. Write for the Marshall Catalog.

**GEO. E. MARSHALL, (Inc.)**

W. S. HYDE, JR., Pres. A. S. TRUE, Sec.  
103 State Street—Dept. 1185—Chicago, Ill.  
For choice selection of jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc., send for our regular catalog.

## Special

### Discounts on Highest Grade Diamonds

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list, together with the complete Geo. E. Marshall catalog.

The catalog of the house of Geo. E. Marshall has been published annually for over twenty years and is known as a standard for first quality goods. Our special 1909 discounts on rarest values may indeed SURPRISE you.

Do not buy a diamond until you have seen the Geo. E. Marshall catalog and let us first quote you our trade discounts, now offered direct.

SO WRITE today for special discount sheet. Fill out coupon below, and we'll send you immediately, prepaid, our annual catalog, the most complete of its kind.

HERE, for instance, are three diamonds, all perfect in cut, color and of a scintillating pure white—the Marshall "F" grade.

And the prices! The beautiful Tiffany set solitaire at the top only \$33.00! The twin Tiffany—\$45.00. And the magnificent Belcher—\$175.00. In addition to the trade discount we allow an 8% discount for cash, \$30.36, \$42.32, and \$161 net. Or terms, if you prefer: \$3.30 a month, \$4.20 a month or \$17.50 a month. We allow the trade discount to those who buy for cash as well as those who buy on time.

These or any other diamonds shipped prepaid not a cent to pay, unless bought after examination. You risk nothing, you pay nothing, you are under no obligations in ordering.

### Catalog on Request

Price List and SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET

Do not buy a diamond or jewelry until you have seen our large catalog, and Special Discount Sheet & Approval Shipment Offer.

WRITE today

Send coupon or postal or letter. No letter is needed if you merely mail coupon.

Without any obligation please mail at once your Marshall Catalog and Special Discount Sheet, with full explanation of your no-money-down approval offer.

Name... Add... No letter necessary; the coupon alone will do. Mail it today.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S





# ZODENTA

A PRESERVATIVE FOR THE TEETH

The condition of the teeth of the present generation is so bad as to be an indictment of our civilization. Regular use of Zodenta will change this condition, let me tell you why—

The soft cooked foods of civilization result in deficient mastication. Not enough mastication or grinding of the food between the teeth causes insufficient flow of the ptialine laden saliva and gastric juices that are necessary to digest and liquefy the food. As a

consequence, insoluble albuminous shreds lodge in the cavities and between the teeth, acid fermentation sets in and decays and discolors the teeth and taints the breath. Zodenta neutralizes these acids, arrests their destructive action and provides the detergent effect that is absent from soft foods, cooked foods and the resulting inefficient mastication.

In form Zodenta is not a powder to be wasted and spilt over everything—to be an annoyance to the clean housewife.

It is a paste or cream—economical and clean—without any defects.

For Zodenta is not dirty or dark in color, but is brilliantly white.

Zodenta does not petrify in its tube but remains moist and pliable.

Zodenta does not disintegrate into a number of separate ingredients, such as water, chalk, wintergreen, oil, etc., but always remains the same, an inseparable definite entity.

Zodenta does not scratch the teeth because of some cellulose or woody ingredient, for there are none such in Zodenta. Zodenta is made as no other tooth cream or paste is made. The ingredients of Zodenta are ground or milled until they can easily sift through silk.

I mix these ingredients together, then form the true inseparable combination in retorts under a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

Its texture is fairly like satin. Whether under the burning sun of the Sahara or in the cold of Siberia—the soft, moist, pliable texture of Zodenta will remain always the same.

## Let Me Prove My Statements

This is my fair and square offer—If your druggist does not keep Zodenta send me 25 cents for large 2½ oz. tube, which I will mail you promptly, and also include FREE an aluminum Tooth Brush Holder.

Try Zodenta, if it does not bear out all my claims tell me so and I will return you your money. Write today.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM, 59 Teath St., DETROIT, MICH.  
President of the F. F. Ingram Co., Manufacturers of Milkweed Cream



# Peter Fenelon Collier

Tributes to the Founder of This Paper by Some of Our Contemporaries

**C** It has been a physical impossibility for me to answer personally the many kind messages of sympathy I have received from readers of Collier's. I hope to be able to do so in the course of the next few weeks, but in the meantime I ask each of them to accept my sincerest thanks. It is a source of real satisfaction to know how many friends my father had and how widely the significance of his life's work has been appreciated.—ROBERT J. COLLIER

"Under Peter Fenelon Collier's auspices, COLLIER'S WEEKLY has come to be both widely read and widely respected for the systematic campaign that it has carried on against corruption of all kinds."  
—London Times.

"A periodical of such fidelity to high ideals, of such sprightliness and originality and courage and force, as to perform a great service for the American public and to exert a very marked influence on the journalistic traditions of the country. That periodical, of course, is the nimble-witted COLLIER'S WEEKLY, accurately called a national organ of intelligence."

"As an illustrated journal of comment and news, COLLIER'S fulfils its mission in a time of greatly increased demands and higher artistic standards, as well as augmented facilities, with an adequacy never surpassed by any similar American journal in the past and with a success in appealing to the public interest not surpassed by the illustrated journals which have the facilities of foreign capitals at their disposal."

"The death of the man who hazarded capital in the gathering of a brilliant staff and the founding of a periodical of such radicalism, tempered with sanity, as to be almost a new and experimental type in its class of periodicals, can not be a matter of indifference to the public. He has left a memorial of his life work in a form exceeding that of the memorials of other men."  
—Detroit Free Press.

"Peter Collier had to begin his business career at an early age, and he began it by selling books. He carried his wares from door to door, and prospered from the start. Before long he embarked in the business of publishing books. He made friends everywhere, and, when he turned to another form of publication, ultimately transforming 'Once a Week' into COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the success of the enterprise was largely assured. The energy and fearlessness of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, as shown both in its editorial and business departments, have given it a position of leadership. Mr. Collier took justifiable pride in all this success."  
—The Outlook.

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY has for years been one of the nation's strongest forces for good government, for higher standards of thought and work and business. Such a paper is worth more to a growing nation than much fine gold, and such a paper the nation owes to Peter F. Collier."  
—Denver News.

"Without influential friends Peter Fenelon Collier rose to the front by dint of his own unaided exertions; and the example which this sturdy business man has left behind him is worth vastly more to his young countrymen than are all his golden accumulations."  
—Atlanta (Ga.) Georgian.

"The most imposing monument which can be erected to Peter Fenelon Collier's memory is the majestic publishing business, including COLLIER'S WEEKLY, erected on lines of sterling worth and character. His death will not interrupt the forward movement of his excellent work."

"He has sown the seed of clean methods, which will always bear fruit, in better lives and higher ideals."  
—Chicago (Ill.) Union.

"Peter F. Collier was a splendid and inspiring example of what hard work and perseverance may accomplish. He was born a poor boy, but he had ambitions, and they were the kind that are fruitful of good to society in general. He was once a book agent. Later he became a publisher, and in that capacity he used his opportunity and his splendid energy in the

cause of cleaner and better things. The weekly which bears his name he made a power for better and cleaner politics and living. He fashioned it to be an independent agency of right, and it promises to remain an enduring monument to a man who knew how to play as well as work and use the fruits of his industry to fine public advantage."  
—Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Saratogian.

"Mr. Collier was a wonderful man; almost as indefatigable in his activities as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He did an enormous amount of work, made a fortune by creditable means, and combined with his work more play than any successful business man we know of. His death at sixty indicates that he may have overtaxed his energies. But he got a great deal out of life that he liked—money, friendship, reputation, and sport—and he used handsomely what he got."  
—Life, New York City.

"He was a big-brained, warm-hearted son of the Emerald Isle, every inch a man and an Irishman of the noblest type; steady, straightforward, and clear-sighted. He made no mistakes. He grew rich off printer's ink, and he printed nothing unclean. He loved the animal as the human kingdom heartily; a blunt and breezy out-of-doors man, with a rare taste and sense for books. We tender to those that loved him the homage of our sincere and respectful sympathy."  
—Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

"Peter Fenelon Collier rendered a service to his country. He was a pioneer in the distribution among the people of cheap and admittedly good literature on the subscription plan."  
—St. Louis (Mo.) Mirror.

"As publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY and a great many books, Mr. Collier ranks as one of the most prominent publishers in the world, and the organization which he leaves behind is one of the most striking evidences of personal success which this country affords."

"Mr. Collier's remarkable energy and faculty for organization is proved by the fact that in the past thirty years he has printed and sold 52,000,000 books."

"The passing of a man like Mr. Collier is a great loss to the publishing field, and serves to call attention to a remarkable life which uplifted an immense public with the best literature at smaller prices than such literature ever sold before, and established a weekly which has now become a foremost factor in national affairs."  
—Printers' Ink, New York City.

"Peter Fenelon Collier . . . was a fine example of foreign-born lads who found in America their opportunity and made the most of it. His capital consisted of keen intelligence, indefatigability, a good heart, kindly disposition, and a peculiarly buoyant temperament. He worked hard and he played hard, and to the credit of his memory he said that whatever he did he did well. Of his making and selling of books there was no end; but the books he made and sold were good books. We have never heard of his yielding in a single instance to the obvious temptation to print flashy or even trashy material simply because it was easy to sell. And when he started his paper he made it a high-class paper, and appointed a high-minded editor whom he upheld in all good works. It seems a pity, and we are unfeignedly sorry, that he had to die at a time when life had become a joy not only to himself, but to all who knew and appreciated the graciousness of a cheering spirit which never flagged and never failed to lend encouragement to others."  
—Harper's Weekly.



NEW-SKIN

—Instead of Court-Plaster

New-Skin takes the place of ordinary court-plaster, being far more effective.

Court-plaster comes off, but New-Skin "stays put." New-Skin does not come off even when you put on a glove over it or when washed with soap and water.

Court-plaster collects dirt around the edges right next to the wound where perfect aseptic cleanliness is most essential, but New-Skin, painted softly over the wound, seals it securely under a clean air-tight, germ-proof film.

Court-plaster looks bad, is a blemish on face or hands, but New-Skin is transparent and practically invisible.

For everything that you use court-plaster for—cuts, abrasions, burns, scrapes where the skin needs protection, New-Skin is better than court-plaster; useful also in lots of cases where court-plaster is useless, such as chafed feet, callous spots, hang-nails, insect stings.

"Paint it with NEW-SKIN and forget it"

Always insist on getting "NEW-SKIN," 10c, 25c and 50c at the druggists or by mail.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, Dept. J, New York

**"The Eternal Question"**  
by GIBSON  
25 CENTS

"The Eternal Question" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cts. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, die-stamped and richly tinted, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14x18 inches. Sent post-paid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cts.

Address PRINT DEPT., 412 W. 13th St., New York City

**25% to 75% Saved On Any Typewriter**

Rebuilt by Us. Let's Prove It To You

THE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE  
345 Broadway, New York  
Branches in All Large Cities.

**CONCRETE HOUSES**

Cost Less Than Wood  
More handsome than Brick. Durable as granite. A Pettyjohn \$55.00 concrete block machine, sand, gravel and cement are all that is needed. Simple, easy and quick. We furnish full instructions. Save money for yourself or make money by selling blocks. Write for catalog and suggestions.

THE PETTYJOHN CO., 646 N. Sixth St., Terre Haute, Ind.

**PATENTS** WATSON E. COLEMAN,  
Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.

**Here Is Something New From Kalamazoo**

Prove for yourself in your own home, that the Kalamazoo is the most perfect—most economical—most satisfactory range for you to use—Your money back if it's not.

Send for Catalog No. 176 with special terms and compare Kalamazoo prices with others

**Cash Or Time Payments**

We want every housewife to know the comfort and convenience of a Kalamazoo in her home. You can buy on easy time payments or pay cash if you like. Either way—you save \$10 to \$20 on any stove in the catalog. We make it easy for responsible people to own the best stove or range in the world.

We Pay the Freight

Kalamazoo Stove Co. Kalamazoo, Mich.

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**



# McCLURE'S

For June

## TAMMANY'S CONTROL OF NEW YORK BY PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS

A study of a new period of  
decadence in the popular  
government of great cities

All Newsstands—15 Cents

## The Goodyear Tire Making Machine

The quality of ordinary tires, no matter whether "moulded" or "wrapped tread," depends largely on human dexterity and strength. A tire casing is built up from alternate layers or sheets of rubber and fabric. The layers must be laid on with absolute evenness and uniformity or the tire falls down in mileage. It takes long training to learn the knack.

Each layer of fabric must be stretched and rubbed down into place at an absolutely *even tension*. If the first layers are pulled tighter than the finishing layers, that casing can never endure as it should. This is a matter of strength and "feel" which it takes years to develop. Yet no matter how highly skilled a man may be, his *muscles tire* as the day wanes. Tires made in the morning while the men are fresh are always infinitely better than those turned out in the afternoon.

This is true with regard to all Automobile Tires *save one*. Goodyear Tires are made *on a machine* invented in the Goodyear factory and fully covered by patents, which perfectly does away with all muscular effort.



Every layer of fabric is stretched lengthwise and sideways as it is applied, at a *uniform pressure*, which can be regulated at will to make it *just right* for the particular size of tire which is being made. There's no longer any guesswork—no longer any possibility of tires made in the morning being better than those turned out just before quitting time.

Because of this wonderful machine we can *know*, positively and beyond dispute, that each tire made is *perfect* in all its parts, and that each tire produced is *just like every other tire* of the same size and kind.

We alone in producing Goodyear Tires have entirely eliminated the *human element*, which because of tired muscles, wearied eyes and strained nerves, has resulted in untold thousands of *imperfect tires* which have given unsatisfactory mileage from no other cause than *human frailty*—which no manufacturer has heretofore been able to overcome.

This is simply to explain why *we know* we are not exaggerating, and how *you* can know we are not guessing when we refer to Goodyear Tires as being *perfect* in construction with all the life, endurance, and supreme wearing quality which is to be expected in a perfect product.

### THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY Erie Street, Akron, Ohio

Agents and Branches—Boston, Mass., 241 Dartmouth St.; Cincinnati, O., 317 E. 31st St.; Los Angeles, Cal., 949-51 S. Main St.; Philadelphia, Pa., Broad and Fairmount Ave.; New York City, 64th St. and Broadway; San Francisco, Cal., 506 Golden Gate Ave.; Chicago, Ill., 55-57 Michigan Ave.; Cleveland, O., 2005 Euclid Ave.; Milwaukee, Wis., 188-192 8th St.; St. Louis, Mo., 393-7 Olive St.; Buffalo, N. Y., 719 Main St.; Detroit, Mich., 251 Jefferson Ave.; Pittsburgh, Pa., 3925 Centre Ave.; Omaha, Neb., 2010 Farnam St.; Washington, D. C., 1028 Connecticut Ave.; Atlanta, Ga., 99 N. Pryor St.; Louisville, Ky., 1049-51 Third St.; New Orleans, La., 706-16 Baronne St.; Memphis, Tenn., 281-a Madison St.; Dallas, Tex., 111 N. Akard St.; Denver, Colo., 28 W. Colfax Ave.; Baltimore, Md., 991 Park Ave.; Kansas City, Mo., 16th and Metcalf Sts.; St. Joseph, Mo., 316-224 N. 2nd St.; Providence, R. I., 368 Fountain St.; Minneapolis, Minn., 116 S. 6th St.



#### Other Goodyear Points

—The breaker-strips of rivet-fabric (patented) which inseparably rubber-rivet the tread to the carcass. Mud-balls or sand blisters or stripping impossible.

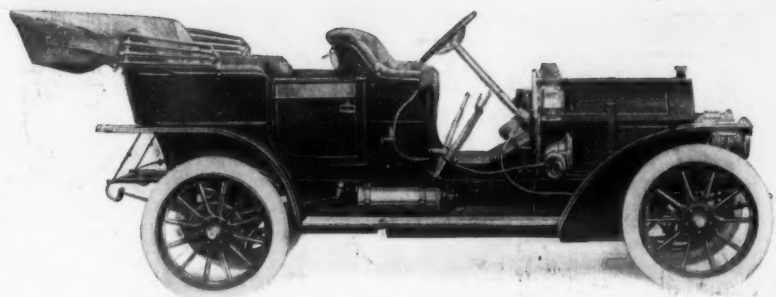
—It alone combines the good points of both "moulded" and "wrapped tread" tires with disadvantages of neither. 10,000 to 15,000 miles from a single Goodyear Tire is not unusual.

—The base or "feet" of the tire contains a tape of piano wire which contracts—makes the tire base smaller—with inflation. The harder you pump a tire the tighter it grips the rim.

—They are made from two "compounds" of rubber—soft, tender, resilient Para for the walls, and tough leathery, wear resisting compounded rubber for the tread or wearing surface, both inseparably vulcanized together. This means maximum of easy riding quality at a minimum of wear.

—The tough, rawhide-like tread or wearing surface, in combination with the rivet-fabric breaker-strips, is so difficult to puncture that the Goodyear is actually 90 per cent puncture proof.

—After the most grueling practical tests, 800 out of the 1,000 Taxicabs in New York, operated by several competing companies, have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used exclusively.



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750  
Made as Touring Car, Toy Tonneau and Roadster

## Here's Just the "Forty" Car You Want

Here is a car at \$2,750 which offers all that any price can buy.

Its possible speed is sixty miles per hour. You have no wish to go faster.

No hill is too steep for it, no road is too bad.

It has been pitted, again and again, against some of the costliest cars on the market.

Over and over, it has won against all in speed, endurance and hill climbing.

Last season alone it won first place or perfect score in twenty-five important events.

Lately it won, in one day, three separate hill-climbing contests at Memphis. On April 26th it won in its class easily at the Fort George, N. Y., hill climb.

### Why Pay More?

What more does one get when he pays \$4,000 or \$5,000?

Perhaps a little more power, but he has no way to employ it.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" will travel any road he can go.

And that higher price will always buy a multiplied cost of upkeep.

The heavy car will treble his tire cost, and use twice the gasoline. It will multiply his cost for repairs.

Yet that extra expense buys not a single advantage.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is one of the rare cars which never developed a weakness. No important alteration has ever been made in it. It has simply been refined in minor details.

It is the standardized car—the car that doesn't change. And that is the dream of all motorists.

The car today is about the same as every owner owns. So owners can tell you what sort of a car you'll get.

Ask them. You'll find them everywhere. Ask them which car to buy.

### Hungry for the Road

We have just asked one owner for the best thing to say about the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty."

He replied: "I always say that it's hungry for the road. Nothing can faze it. No hill can disturb it. Its power is so over-sufficient that it seems always to be calling for something harder to do."

"The faster I go the faster it wants to go. The farther I go the better it seems to run."

We put the same question to another owner, and his reply was this:

"The best thing to me is the lack of trouble. My car runs for months without even lifting the hood."

### Its Vast Economy

We asked another owner for the best thing he could say.

"Why," he replied, "the best thing to me is its wonderful economy. I have owned six other cars, and the cost of upkeep always spoiled my fun. I run my 'Forty' at one-third the expense of my last car."

He has given, perhaps, the best reason of all. The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is simply pure enjoyment. It does all that any car can do, and does it at minimum cost.

### The Satisfying Car

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty," for nearly four years, has been the most satisfactory car on the market.

Every owner knows the satisfaction which a perfect car can give.

The car is always ready, and it goes till he wants to stop. His fun isn't spoiled by the bills.

Please learn the facts. Send now for our catalog. Let us name the engineers of national fame who have selected this car.

Then get from our local agents the names of local users. Learn their experience. Ask them which car to buy.

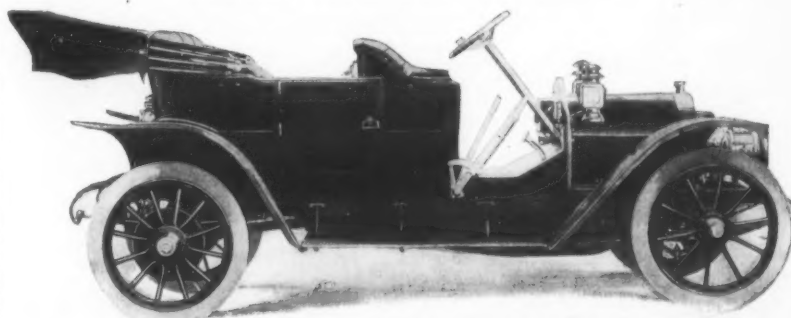
#### A Memo to Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co. Detroit, Mich.

Please send catalog to

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
County.....  
State.....  
Collier's, New York

## Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Members Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—\$1,500  
Made as Touring Car, Tourabout, Roadster

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

# COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

WITH  
SIX HOLE SIFTER  
(Another Improvement)

## CONCENTRATES ON THE SPOT

**ECONOMY:**—No scattering, no waste, no sprinkling dress or coat. The position and number of the holes put the distribution of powder always under your control.

You can both concentrate on a cut or the tiny fold of baby's skin, and just as easily spread it over a large surface by merely moving the hand.

## REGULATES THE FLOW

**DOUBLE ECONOMY:**—By turning the sifter top the six holes are made smaller or larger. This permits the most careful economy, and is possible only with **this non-leaking screw top.**

## THE SAFETY POWDER IN THE SAVING BOX

The antiseptic and soothing ingredients of our Talc Powders, Violet, Cashmere Bouquet and Dactylis are prepared from formula of an eminent physician. Their exquisite perfumes also are **antiseptic.**

**COLGATE ECONOMY** is shown not only in this new Talc Box, but also in our **Ribbon Dental Cream**; which in our now famous tube "Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush," with only half as much flow of cream as from the old round-mouth tube.

*For trial size of either Talc or Cream, send 4 cents in stamps*

WE COULDN'T IMPROVE THE POWDER, SO WE HAVE AGAIN IMPROVED THE BOX

COLGATE & CO., Dept. W, 55 John Street, New York

*Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap*

